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SHOW & TELL



EAT YOUR HEART OUT

February is a month to get cozy between the sheets with your Valentine and get into a relationship much like the one the major tobacco companies and the federal government have been enjoying for many years. Investigative reporter and *New York Times* contributor **RAY SCHULTZ** was so shocked and angered by the grim evidence that he had uncovered while researching **AMERICA'S BIGGEST PUSHERS: THE CIGARETTE COMPANIES** that he gave up one of his own true loves—cigarettes.

On the other hand, little love was lost between the federal government and the subject of this month's **HUSTLER**

PROFILE: SAM ROTH, THE MAN WHO PAVED THE WAY. **BILL RYAN**, a protege of Gay Talese, has put together the life of pioneer erotic publisher Roth, with the help of **LESLIE HORVITZ**, whose work may be familiar to readers of the *New York Times Magazine*. Horvitz's study of Roth might soon be dealt with in book form.

While Roth was taking a strong public stand in defense of erotic literature, most smutmongers of his generation were dealing behind closed doors. While researching **ANTIQUE EROTICA**, our Associate Editor **MICHAEL TOOHEY** viewed a number of obscure erotic photos from around the world and came to the conclusion that we are all brothers when it comes to love of skin.

For example, British turn-on material frequently involves spanking themes. Toohey, a former editor of the kinky sex tabloid *Fetish Times*, says he was inspired to write this month's **SEX PLAY: THE EROTIC ART OF SPANKING** by his English wife.

The inspiration behind **HUSTLER's** February fiction by *Screw* editor **M. V. CLAYTON** was a bizarre incident that occurred during his leaner years, when hitchhiking was his major means of transportation. Clayton's powerful short story *Manny & Faye* appeared in the August 1976 issue of **HUSTLER**, and we're sure you will find the follow-up, **THE SWEETEST GIRL IN THE WORLD**, a comparable literary achievement.

JOE KOHL, the craziest cartoonist in the world, inadvertently surrounded himself with moral cripples when he joined the **HUSTLER** staff. **STUMPED FOR LAUGHS (HIRE THE HANDICAPPED—THEY'RE FUN TO WATCH)** is the logical warped result of Joe's new environment.

When lame-duck art director Bob Flora flitted out the door, **HUSTLER** was left without an art department. However, the slack was more than taken up by **ROGER CARPENTER**, who came to us by way of San Francisco's *City* magazine, *Rolling Stone* and *Fantasy Records*. Roger is responsible for the new eye appeal in this and subsequent issues.

We've also laid out some lovely ladies for your perusal. Our centerfold, **ANNIE**, along with **SHIRLEY**, **CHASTITY** and the softly rounded Honeys in **A PREGNANT MOMENT** are all bound to have you wishing this were leap year—all the more time to enjoy **HUSTLER's** voluptuous Valentine gift.

—Althea Flynt

Associate Publisher/Editorial Director



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HUSTLER FEBRUARY 1977 VOL. 3 NO. 8
U. S. subscriptions \$18 for one year. Foreign \$21.

Second-class postage paid at Columbus, Ohio, and at additional mailing offices.
Printed in U.S.A.



Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

STATEMENT

AN OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT CARTER

Dear President Carter,

Before your election, I got on your case because you failed to answer a written request from me regarding your position on some important First Amendment issues. I did not support you, but you have now become our 39th president, and I think that you deserve the opportunity to fulfill your campaign promises to the American people.

During your campaign, you stressed a promise to break down the bureaucracy of big government. Politicians have been promising us this reform for years, but their only accomplishment has been to add to the mess by setting up committees to study the "feasibility" of new programs and creating new agencies to carry out their pet programs.

Now that you are president, you have an opportunity to prevent America from sinking into a sea of red tape and becoming tangled in a web of government agencies. Today it is impossible for the average American to deal with the government quickly or efficiently. And it is becoming more and more common to have some federal paper shuffler trying to make his job—and himself—more important by terrorizing individuals at random. This has got to stop.

The quality of government services is inadequate, mainly because bureaucrats are too busy trying to cover themselves to be concerned with citizens' needs.

When you were governor of Georgia, you delivered on your promise to cut through the state's bureaucracy, and there's no reason you can't do it again. I realize that the problem is even more complex at the federal level, but there are ways to improve the bureaucratic system.

One way to accomplish this would be to reinstate the draft, with the stipulation that all eligible people be allowed to choose civil service jobs as an alternative to military induction.

During the war in Vietnam, some draftees claimed that they would be more than willing to serve their country, as long as they didn't have to kill or be killed. I can understand young people not wanting to get shot; but at that time there was little choice. As a result, many



young men who would willingly have served their country in a less violent way were forced to spend the rest of their lives in other countries.

This controversy resulted in the all-volunteer army, which is fast proving to be a failure. Extra inducements like pay bonuses are a costly burden on the taxpayers and serve as little incentive. Furthermore, many people fear that a wholly professional army could be dangerous because it might be tempted in peacetime to start a conflict in order to justify its existence.

With this proposal to reactivate the draft, we could develop a standing army from among those people willing to participate in active military service. *The others could choose to serve two-year hitch in local, state or federal service-oriented agencies.*

It is rare that government jobs are filled by people with imagination, talent, energy and a desire to help their fellow citizens. Bureaucrats are oysters who come out of their shells only long enough to take in their paychecks. The rest of their time is spent ignoring the general public and brown-nosing their superiors. The job doesn't get done and the public gets screwed.

The new draft could channel some of the best and brightest young minds into the service of their country. Psychologists and sociologists have been telling us for years why people are attracted to certain jobs. People in a

particular field tend to share the same traits. Government employees usually share a lack of motivation.

By bringing new faces and creative energy onto the scene, we can eliminate the stereotype of the overpaid, under-motivated bureaucratic jerk. People are always complaining about the quality of government. One way to improve efficiency is to force people to take an active role in government.

Since these people would not necessarily view their temporary duty as a career, there would be little inclination to carve out power blocks that serve no purpose other than to perpetuate their existence. It would also be less probable that the new bureaucrat would make self-serving concessions to supervisors. In short, there would be a lot less bureaucratic ass-kissing.

Other improvements are possible, too. Citizens constantly complain about the quality of law enforcement. So, it might be a good idea to mingle some draftees in among our local police personnel. These free-thinking individuals would not only keep the average cop on his toes in such areas as civil rights, but they would also enable police departments to employ qualified individuals without putting any additional constraints on their budgets. The career police officers would be working directly with people who have a civilian's—rather than a policeman's—attitude, and they could gain a new perspective on their role as protector and public servant and no longer take the seamy side of life for granted.

Given this limited space, it would be impossible to outline all the specific details of such a plan. But I feel that it is time to plant a seed of change. America is overdue for some drastic changes, and you've promised to make some. This is the most effective way I know to turn the government over to the people. Let this type of born-again bureaucratic system be one of the promises that you keep.

Editor & Publisher

SUBSCRIBE TO HUSTLER!

(IT'S NEVER TOO LATE)

When a man goes through the change, he sometimes finds difficulty in maintaining an erection. Like a tired old dog, the penis would rather lie down and roll over. HUSTLER prefers to think of the penis as being more like a salami: long, hard and getting better with age. That's why each month our HUSTLER Honeys lend a hand to thousands of senior citizens.

As you enter the twilight of your life, we want your penis to be right up there with you. All we're asking is for you to get a grip on yourself by subscribing to HUSTLER. Sure, we know what goes up must come down, but HUSTLER is working to keep it up just a little bit longer.



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FEEDBACK

GIRLS AND FUN

I read *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, *Oui* and *Gallery*, but HUSTLER is by far my favorite. Your pictorials are the best.

I really loved the December 1976 centerfold "Candy: Sweet Inspiration." She is now hanging over my couch. But "Lorilee: A Feel for It" was even better. This highly sexy and beautiful lady is enough to make me cream my shorts. I have never seen a more natural young lady in my life. I would vote for her for Honey of the Year.

Eric
Miami Beach, Florida

The feature "Lorilee: A Feel for It" in the December 1976 issue was truly one of the best I've ever seen, and the cartoon of Santa Claus being shot down by anti-aircraft fire (by Trosley) is irreverent humor at its best. However, your tirade against Goldstein's joke (sick humor, as you called it) about Pat Nixon's stroke (*Bits & Pieces*, "A Matter of Heart") was hypocrisy at its worst.

Who the fuck are you to talk of "sick humor"? That issue contained the most stomach-turning swill ever to defile the pages of a magazine. In part, your readers were sickened by the man blowing his brains out depicted on the back cover, a vile cartoon of a doctor smashing the face of an unborn child, a nauseating "fake abortion" and hideous portraits of VD-ravaged faces and genitalia. Perhaps all of this isn't really "sick humor"; it's just sick.

At least you didn't include the putrescent brain of Larry Flynt. It might even have sickened him, though I doubt it.

T. E. Hilton
Brooklyn, New York

Larry has the brains of a genius. He keeps them in a jar on his desk. Our tirade against Goldstein was tongue-in-cheek. It was designed to make readers laugh, but you obviously missed the point.

VIRULENT VOICES

There aren't enough superlatives to express my thanks for your article "VD: Suicide by Ignorance" (December 1976 issue). The photos depicting advanced stages of VD should be more than enough to get any rational person in for a checkup.

Thank you, Mr. Baker, for your article.

Joy Jones
Lawton, Oklahoma

Your December 1976 issue was downright sickening. Your picture of Carter was degrading, and the gory VD pictures were terrible. Down with HUSTLER. Up with *Playboy* and *Penthouse* because they respect their readers.

C. Montgomery
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Though your magazine gets objectionable occasionally, I can't think of anyone else who is taking a better stand for freedom of the press in



America. If people find your magazine gross or obscene, they don't have to purchase it.

I just read your article on VD (December 1976 issue) and decided to write to you. I'm sure many people are ignorant about VD and are afraid to discuss the subject, but your open and informative approach to the problem is a good start to really dealing with the disease. The pictures are enough to scare the hell out of anyone, and they should influence people to confront the problems of VD.

S. D.
Williamsport, Pennsylvania

Usually HUSTLER is as good an erotic magazine as can be purchased: The women are supersexy, and the stories and articles are arousing and exciting. But when HUSTLER starts to take on the look of a medical journal, it's time out. Though it is certainly factual and newsworthy, the article on VD was the grossest possible turn-off for me.

If you want to crusade against cancer, VD and other illnesses, start a new magazine and call it "HUSTLER's Medical Advisor," but don't blow your successful format.

I won't continue to buy your magazine if you try to be sexy and gross between the same covers.

S. G. G.
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

ABORTED HUMOR

I just received your December 1976 issue. Now, I get off on a lot of rude stuff, but the "Fake Abortion" in HUSTLER's Christmas gift guide really takes the cake. How low can you go?

I had an abortion, and it's been tearing me up ever since. It's hard enough living with the anti-abortion commercials, but to have to see abortion as a joke is really too much. It hurts to live with what I've done, but I don't need things of that sort to keep punishing me.

I really like your magazine, but please knock off the abortion jokes and gags. I'm sure there are a lot of people like me who are tortured by this.

I. W.
New Haven, Indiana

HUSTLER's humor and satire are designed to make people take a look at themselves. The consequences of your abortion have apparently taken a toll on you. Perhaps you will remember your response to our "Fake Abortion" and re-examine your values if you are faced with a similar situation in the future.

PUFFED OUT

The letter written by Mr. Aspen in the December 1976 issue of HUSTLER that stated, "Your public service ads against smoking are without a doubt the most disgusting pictures I have ever seen," shows a severe lack of insight and extreme narrow-mindedness.

As a respiratory therapist, I come into contact with many people every day who are either diseased or dying because they have smoked cigarettes. No doubt anyone who has the audacity to call these pictures disgusting and revolting has

never had to treat or care for anyone who is dying from a chronic obstructive pulmonary disease caused by tobacco smoke.

Hopefully this letter will be published just as an opposing view to Mr. Aspen's. Your ads are excellent and should be continued even if they would only influence one person to stop smoking.

R. M. C.
Greenwood, South Carolina

FIENDISH REACTIONS

Thanks for publishing the Charles Bukowski story *The Fiend* (November 1976 issue). This dirty old man has a way of ripping through the hymen of the media-hyped, self-righteous morality that invades our living rooms daily. At a time when man's brutality toward his fellow man is acceptable even on television (cops and robbers both wear clean suits), we need more Bukowski and a lot less of "Starsky and Hutch."

John Byrne
Stockton, California

The November 1976 issue of HUSTLER made me feel like I had been cheated. Your editorial on the presidential candidates really stinks. You should have printed the questionnaire that Carter supposedly didn't answer and let the readers decide for themselves. Also, where did you find the pound that housed the dogs in your pictorial spreads? I've seen better-looking women at an annual convention of the United Ugly Women of America. The only good-looking woman in the issue was Hilary. Finally, Charles Bukowski's *The*

Fiend went too far. Like most people, I got a hard-on from reading it and didn't pursue the matter further. But what about the guy who got turned on and wanted to fulfill his rape fantasy? Printing that story could be the downfall of your magazine.

Nevertheless, to show my confidence in your magazine, I'm subscribing for a year.

Charles E. Cline
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

As our December 1976 interview with writer Charles Bukowski indicates, we did pursue it. We believe that such matters should be explored with special care.

COMING ON

I find your ad in the *Washington Post* disappointing because your "reward" is limited to women having affairs with congressmen. If you really want to expose corruption on The Hill, expand your offer to include men who are having affairs with congresswomen or those having affairs of a homosexual nature. If your offer is expanded, I may be in contact with you.

A Resident of Capitol Hill
Washington, D. C.

Through an oversight, we neglected the minorities in Washington. We feel it is our duty to expose all types of corruption, so all of you should come out of the closet and contact us.

THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE

"What a Choice" (*Statement*, November '76 issue) really lays it on the line. I hope others get

their shit together and start fucking with these so-called politicians who are supposed to be running the country.

Keep up the good work!

Sheila Bunker
San Diego, California

In your November 1976 *Statement*, you said that Americans didn't have a choice for president. I agree with you 100 percent. But you didn't endorse anyone for president. If you had, it would have been beneficial.

Although it's too late now, maybe in 1980 your magazine could urge its readers to stage a write-in campaign. We might not win, but we'd sure show those shithead politicians that we are a major force to contend with.

Michael Kuzma
Buffalo, New York

REFORMING THE CAN

Before I begin, I think it is appropriate to indicate that I'm an inmate in the Attica State Prison. I realize that I'm here, along with the other inmates, to pay for the crimes we have committed. That's fine; but how in the ever-lovin' hell can a man be reformed if he is deprived of a healthy heterosexual sex life. There is no law that prevents conjugal visitation, only an arbitrary rule that a sick mind dreamed up.

In California, all 12 prisons have conjugal visitation, but New York permits it in only one of its 15 prisons. Additionally, conjugal visits are only permitted during the last six months of a sentence. Only through your letters can this rule be changed. Pick up that pen and paper and write to: Commissioner Benjamin Ward, State Office Building Campus-Bldg. 2, Albany, New York 12226. And be humane.

James Saunders #76-A-118
Attica, New York

I'm presently an inmate in an Illinois prison, and I'd like to say that HUSTLER is by far the most popular magazine sold here.

You seem to have a way of being frank, and I think America needs more of that. So keep on keeping on!

Also, how about doing an article on prison reform?

Raymond L. Hardy 68118
Vandalia, Illinois

That's an interesting idea, and one that the staff has been kicking around for a while. We're interested in responding to input from all our readers, including those in prison.

PRO POLICE

As an unofficial spokesman for the Hatboro, Pennsylvania, police force, I thank you for the life-size, compassionate policeman posters. One of the posters is already displayed in the police department building.

Perhaps those people who are not aware of your investigative reporting, public service ads and lack of liquor and cigarette advertising will now become acquainted with HUSTLER's work.

Herman M. Miller
Hatboro, Pennsylvania



UPTIGHT SPHINCTER

Who was the supposedly straight mother-fucker who had the audacity to use the word *faggot* so loosely in the November 1976 "Asshole of the Month"? For his information, 99.9 percent of males are either homosexual or bisexual. I don't know any superstuds who feel they can use the word so loosely.

This type of language is certainly no help toward boosting the sales volume of HUSTLER.

Charles Lucas III
Knoxville, Tennessee

For your information, .05 percent of the population believes that 99.9 percent of the male population is either homosexual or bisexual.

SHEILA CHIDES

Thanks for featuring me as your centerfold, "Sheila: A Hard Worker" (November 1976). However, you made a mistake. I'm not 29 years old as you pointed out in your copy: I'm only 26.

Sheila Underwood
Columbus, Ohio

We apologize for the error. But we'd like to say that at any age you'd be a knockout.

BEAVER BEEF

Though I consider your magazine tops, I'd like to know why you used pros to fill up the "Beaver Hunt" section in the October issue? I'm willing to pay any price for your magazine, but only if you keep up your usual fair practices.

William L. Lyons
Staunton, Virginia

The models in "Beaver Hunt" are not professionals by any standard in the trade. Perhaps they've posed for their husbands or friends often enough to have that professional air.

PROPHET OF DOOM

I think the popularity enjoyed by HUSTLER is due to its shock value—to some it's even too shocking. Thus, HUSTLER is the risqué publication of the 70s. However, will it become as passe as Playboy? Will Flynt be tomorrow's loser as Hefner is fast becoming today's? Perhaps I lack imagination, but I just don't see much future for magazines such as yours because they are rapidly becoming a bore.

Your magazine reminds me of a gross story I once heard. It seems a stripper was doing her thing and had everything off except her g-string and pasties. The audience just yelled for more. So she removed the remaining covering, but the audience kept yelling for more. Taking a knife, she slit open her stomach. The audience yelled for still more. Perplexed, she threw her intestines all over the stage, but the unsatisfied audience insisted on more. So she died.

C. Christopher Patterson
North Hills, Pennsylvania

LET YOUR FINGERS DO THE TALKING

You're a motherfucker for publishing a joke about a deaf-mute girl whose fingers were cut off so she couldn't squeal on her rapist (HUSTLER Humor, October 1976 issue). It's obvious you love to insult the handicapped.



"OK, if you are only a mirage...
a hallucination subject to the needs and fancies
of my imagination...how come you're not giving me a blow job right now?"

I'm a deaf-mute and president of a deaf-mutes' organization. I wrote a letter to the National Association of the Deaf in Washington, D. C., and you'll be hearing from them soon.

Let me say it again: YOU are a motherfucker. I've got a six-inch cock I'd love to shove in your ear just so you'd go deaf, and I'd love to shit in your mouth so you'd become a mute.

Stanley Teger
Elmwood Park, New Jersey

If you think that was something, check out page 89 of this issue and see what cartoonist Joe Kohl does to the handicapped.

CARTOON CAPERS

What the hell did that stupid, racist cartoon showing a black caught in a watermelon-baited mousetrap, drawn by that stupid, racist son of a bitch Dwaine Tinsley, mean? You sons of bitches and your goddamn white friends might think it's funny, but you sons of bitches are wrong. Stick that cartoon up your ass.

Fuck Joe Kohl, too!

Larry Sims
Lompoc, California

I'm a regular reader of your magazine, and I feel that your treatment of blacks in the November 1976 HUSTLER is highly offensive.

When many in America are sincerely trying to broaden the mental horizons of the bigoted populace, you have chosen to perpetuate racism. As a white businessman you may not recognize blacks as your peers, but you cannot

deny their voting or purchasing power. That power is a "double-edged sword," and you will notice a significant decrease in your sales as a result of your blind insensitivity.

C. Moore
Los Angeles, California

Our January Statement explains that we mock racial stereotypes, not the ethnic groups. Go back and reread it!

Dwaine B. Tinsley
Humor and Cartoon Editor

COOZE COMMENTS

Reading your magazine is a new experience for me. Your pussies really turn me on. And that's new to me because I'm a pussy myself. What I'd like to see is shaved pussy. When do you plan to have one in your great magazine?

A. Ramirez
San Francisco, California

You'll see one soon. Or, if you can't wait, why not pick up a copy of The Best of HUSTLER #2?

Recently it has come to our attention that your former talent coordinator, Debbie Alexander, has a lot more talent than you have given her credit for. While being secret admirers of Ms. Alexander, we have observed that she has a fantastic pair of legs and we'd like to see the rest of her.

Thurber Village Gang
Columbus, Ohio

Look for Debbie in an upcoming issue.

ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hang-ups or problems of a personal nature. If you have something on your mind, write to us. Direct all letters to: HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent Editor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Edited by Pat Ryan

My husband says he's never seen anyone like me. One evening I came 27 times. He said he didn't believe it, but he loved it. It never happened until I met my husband. All I have to do is think of him or have him touch me. Is there something wrong with me that I come so often?

Name Withheld by Request
Tulare, California

There is nothing wrong with you. Enjoy yourself.

My wife and I have been married for eight years. We have four children and have always enjoyed a great sex life. Recently, we began attending swingers' parties with some friends. One night a new, good-looking couple came to the party. I got it on with the wife, and her husband coaxed my wife into making it with him. Then this guy took off his pants and put her hands on his cock. It was huge. One girl grabbed a ruler and measured his cock at 11½ inches. After this

buildup, he started fucking my wife, and she went out of her mind with joy, yelling and screaming. She came so many times she passed out.

The problem is that, although we still ball a lot, I only have 5½ inches. She wants to go back every week to the swingers' party and always picks the "horse." She claims she still loves me, but I overheard her telling a girlfriend she doesn't know what she'll do if this guy with "the best dick in the world" ever leaves. I thought size didn't mean anything. But if you could have seen my wife, you would have thought it meant everything in sex. What can I do? No matter how long or how hard I try, I can't turn her on like the "horse" did.

R. C.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

A healthy vagina will respond to any size penis. More importantly, the clitoris and vulva (vaginal entrance and external genitalia) are a woman's erogenous zones. So any size cock can do the trick. You are not physically inadequate. Most complaints about penis or vagina size arise when there has been a breakdown elsewhere in the relationship. Talk with your wife and explain how you feel. Find out from her what you can do to satisfy her. The novelty of fucking a new guy in an unrestrained atmosphere probably turns your wife on just as much as his dick does. You may simply require some new and different action to revitalize your technique and provide diversity. Swinging isn't always good for every couple, so reevaluate your participation.

Both my husband and I get really turned on whenever he sucks my breasts. He says that there are pills I could take to make my breasts produce milk. If there are such pills, do I have to go to a doctor to get them? Also, tell me of any disadvantages.

P. H.

Chicago, Illinois

There are no pills that will cause a woman who is not pregnant to produce milk. Occasionally milk will be produced as a side effect of birth control pills, but that depends on the woman's system and the dosage of hormones in the pill.

When I'm drunk, I can have sex with a girl for about 1½ hours. But when I'm sober, it only takes 15 minutes for me to come. Why is that?

R. N.

Chattanooga, Tennessee

Alcohol acts as a depressant on your central nervous system. A little booze will relax you, lower your inhibitions and allow you to become more easily stimulated. More liquor will relax you so much that it takes longer to be stimulated and reach orgasm. Consequently, you can screw longer. This can be a boon to both of you. But, if you drink too much, you may not be able to get it up. Remember: A drunk dick is a drag.

I have read a lot of articles on the virtues of shaved pussies, but when I shaved my wife's, she just looked bare. It was not exactly a turn-on. However, we found something that is much more stimulating. Using a regular Clairol hair-coloring kit, I bleached my wife's cunt hairs from black to golden blonde! My wife spread her legs, and I applied the compound, using a bundle of eight or ten Q-tips. We let the dye set for an hour. Then she showered it off under a heavy stream and, when the gooey purple mess came off, she came out with a new blonde pussy. We then used a creme toner for five minutes or so. The first time we tried this, her roots didn't grow out black. Instead, the new hair replacing the dyed hair was a salt and pepper color. After the next dye job, she developed dark roots, but that turns me on, too. Thought I'd pass this on to your readers.

M. A.

San Diego, California

We checked with a hairdresser who specialized in dyeing and shaping cunt hair, and he assured us that tinting your twat is safe if you are careful. First, pretest your skin in the pubic area to make sure that you are not allergic to the dye. Second, cover your thighs and vaginal lips with a good layer of cold cream. If some of the dye were to hit the sensitive skin and membranes in your pubic area, it could cause a rash, burning, etc. If any dye does touch the skin, wash it off immediately. Apply the dye with care, following all package instructions. Your wife's new blonde pussy does sound like a real turn-on.

(continued on page 108)

GRAFFITILTHY



THANX TO E.BUSH-OSWEGATCHIE, N.Y.



"Say, could you suggest an extra-strength pain reliever? My fucking head is killing me."



Love Doll

Leasure Time's inflatable Love Dolls have countless uses: traveling companion, gag gift, conversation piece, bunk mate...

EXPRESS ORDERING... 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107.
(In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS • P. O. Box 2206 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please send:

- ☐ SUSIE love doll(s) (#5100) @ \$29.95
☐ JANIE love doll(s) (#5101) @ \$49.95
☐ BABETTE love doll(s) (#5102) @ \$59.95
☐ Extra AA penlite batteries (#0540)
 @ 2 for \$1 for JANIE
☐ C batteries (#0550) for BABETTE
 @ 2 for \$1

Subtotal \$ _____
 Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax _____
 Postage, handling and insurance 2.00 _____
TOTAL \$ _____

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packed and promptly delivered. (Add \$2 for foreign orders.)

Please Print Name _____ Date _____ HU277

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC:

Interbank No. _____ Exp. Date _____
 mo. year

Signature _____

I am of legal age and understand that my product is guaranteed for 30 days and will be replaced free of charge if found defective due to craftsmanship. Otherwise all sales are final. (Dealer inquiries invited.)

Susie: No moving parts, but a certain quiet charm. Easy to beat at poker. Washable. Stock #5100. \$29.95 with pliable pussy and domestically produced french mouth.

Janie: She comes with a pulsating pussy, controlled by her own batteries and a remote-control switch. Kick off your shoes and get ready to shake, rattle and roll. Stock #5101. \$49.95

Babette: Everything Janie's got, along with a gently vibrating electronic hand with fingers that can be placed in the position of your choice. Just imagine how many ways those magic fingers can please you. Stock #5102. \$59.95

Bits & Pieces

February's asshole is the *New York Times*. Calling itself a newspaper, the *Times*'s function could be performed better by a well-worn corn cob, a vintage Sears Roebuck catalog or, better yet, that old standby, a handful of grass.

By refusing to accept a public service ad from HUSTLER, the *Times* has earned a place in our anal annals. The ad, which was accepted and run by the *Washington Post*, offered \$25,000 each to the first ten women who came forward with documented proof that they had had an illicit affair, at the taxpayers' expense, with a U. S. senator or congressman. The manager of the *Times*'s advertising, or censorship, department, Bob Smith, refused the ad, claiming that it was a matter of "good taste."

We cannot believe that the same newspaper that brought us the Pentagon Papers has anything like a censorship department. Censorship at any newspaper is about as appropriate as sandpaper on a dildo. We expected the conservative crack lappers at the *Washington Star* to reject the ad, which they did, but such syphilitic idiocy from the once great *Times* is disillusioning.

During far better days, the *Times*'s hallmark was its pro-First Amendment stand. Now it seems that this once fiery attitude has been stifled by its shower-room affection with the power structure in Washington. Once referred to as the "good, gray lady of journalism," the *Times* apparently has become toothless—no doubt from all the blow jobs she's been giving to "special interests."

Could it be that the *Times* itself is the politicians' whore?



ASSHOLE of the month

Her courtship of big-money advertisers might lead us to believe so.

One good example: Bloomingdale's recently ran an ad supplement to the *Times* Sunday magazine in which an underwear model's pelt was clearly visible through her filmy panties. Where were all the boys in the censorship department then? Were they taking turns dropping the soap in the shower?

When advertising bureaucrats have a say in a newspaper's content, it becomes little better than a suburban shoppers' throwaway, and it deserves to be printed on six-inch, perforated squares—single ply.

If their advertising policy implies support, then their adver-

tising dictatorship is consistent with their acceptance of a military dictatorship, as evidenced by an ad they ran from the Chilean government that denied the torture of political prisoners.

Even more frequently, this political puppet in newspaper drag features full-page oil company propaganda that tells how these environmental rapists are working to make our lives better—at 70¢ a gallon.

Under a free press system, advertising is supposed to be a game that anybody can play. But at the *Times*, you have to get your chips from the right people. And the right people are the same government honchos that the *Times* is shacking up with. The whole smelly crew deserves a royal flushing.

Whip It Out, Wimple

Why would a full-grown man develop a toilet paper fetish? We can only guess at the reasons. Take Mr. Wimple, for instance, caught here with his pants down on the verge of performing an unnatural act with a package of ass wipe. Does he really get off on the paper, or does the old fart have the hots for the baby on the package? We may never know, since he ran away after this picture was snapped.

But if "squeezably soft" toilet paper is the thing that sets Wimple's wet wienie on fire, somebody ought to tell him that toilet paper is much softer and more squeezable after it's been used.



Try These on for Sighs



Bloomingdale's new underwear catalog, *Sighs and Whispers*, illustrates how sex in advertising is getting bolder as a tight money market makes the competition very fierce. Bloomingdale's (1000 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022) commissioned French

erotic photographer Guy Bourdin to shoot the book, and the result is prime stroke material: sullen bitch models with nipples and teasing snatches that peek through their filmy lingerie. And, unlike the usual nightie mannequins, Bourdin's insolent babes appear poised

for some fierce fucking—with each other, or with the closest man.

Bloomingdale's new fuck-me fantasy tableaux will really be welcome news to men whose dried-up wives will not allow HUSTLER in the house. The store gave Bourdin a free

hand in designing the entire catalog, provided it would turn women on to Bloomingdale's seductive bedroom wear. But we suspect that turned-on husbands will be in the john, applauding the obvious eroticism of *Sighs and Whispers*—with one hand.

HUSTLER at Home

When you visit someone's home, what do you find on the coffee table? Plastic fruit, a Bible, a copy of *Reader's Digest*, HUSTLER... HUSTLER?

Yes, if it is a contemporary home. Sam Oliver, who photographed this for a cover of *Springfield* magazine in Ohio, said the cover was designed to depict a modern family in modern surroundings. "We felt if you went into a contemporary

home, you'd find HUSTLER," Oliver said. He also told us that *Springfield* has received some static about having HUSTLER on the cover, but the magazine received a greater number of compliments about using the "big-city" approach to make the cover scene current with national trends.

Given HUSTLER's popularity, it's only fitting that Oliver's concept of modern living also included placing a copy of HUSTLER on top of a *Playboy* issue for the shooting. If they've got it together on the coffee tables of Springfield, can the rest of the world be far behind?



HUSTLER



PUSSY CAFE



A LA FARTE APPETIZERS

Piss Clams	.30	French Whore Ovaries	.90
Dill Peckers	.30	Pink Titty Nipples	.60
Pickled Pussys	.60	Castrated Nuts	.30
Broiled Rectum	.40	Sliced Ass Cheeks	.45

ENTREES

Brown Ass Holes, Douche Gravy	1.00
Seasoned Twats, Dark Meat of Africa	.90
Stuffed Boneless Peckers	.75
Breaded Nookey, Virgin Sauce	.95
Croquette of Testicle, A La Mode	.80
Chinese Joystick, A La Fok Kem Yung	.55
Roast Kosher Cock, Mit Fancy Trimmings	1.25
Enlarged Ovaries, A La Cherry	.90

DRINKS

Monthly Wine	.25	Imported Pissner	.15
Woopiss (Light or Dark)	.30	Titty Milk	.45

SOUPS

Muffled Bean Soup (Not a Fart in a Bowl)	.35
Cream of Maiden Heads	.40
Fallen Wombs Chowder	.40
Maiden Pea (with Belly Buttons)	.35

DESSERTS

Dingle Berry Pie	.15	Cherry Fartletts	.15
Banana Split	.15	Sugared Ass Holes	.10

OUR CHEESE IS LIKE THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR'S LEGS
(Easy to Spread and Fit for a King)

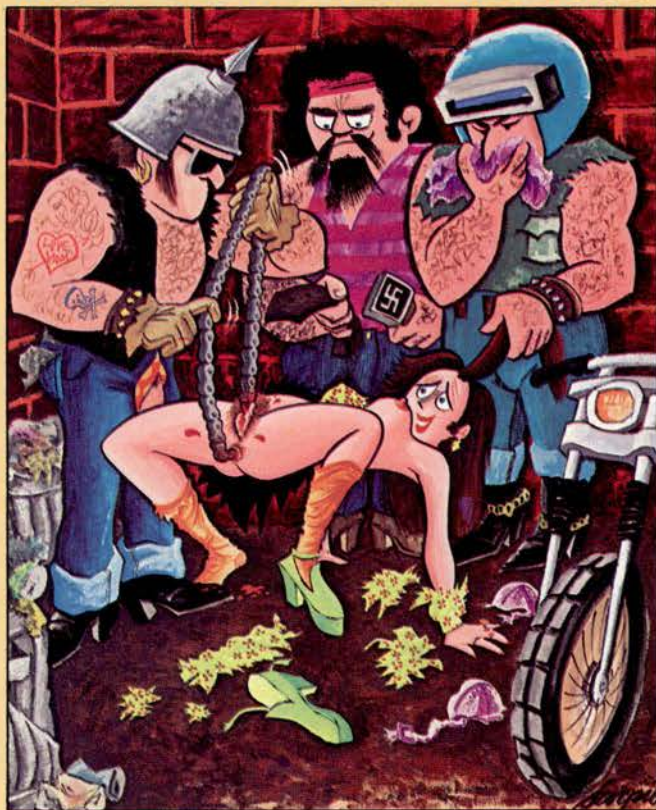


Finger Foods

If you're tired of the same old crap from the greasy spoon around the corner, then you could probably get into the menu of the Pussy Cafe, which would delight male and female epicureans the world over. The

Pussy Cafe won't let your meat loaf. And their French-trained chefs use the famous cooking formula that involves the angle of the dangle and the heat of the meat. They're not content to let your hot dog rest idly in the slit of a warm bun. And the prices alone are enough to make your mouth water—pickled pussy at 60 cents and a banana split at 15 cents make eating out as cheap as eating at home.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Does this mean we're going steady?"



Getting Your Kicks

Trying to whip up a date and busting your hump to find a brand-spanking-new piece of ass? The chicks you hit on beat back your advances, and for once you'd like to get the upper hand? *In Crowd* may be your answer. This quarterly swingers' magazine has a heavy emphasis on bondage and discipline, not only in its four-page opening fiction but in the 60-plus pages of personal ads.

Published by Executive Imports International, 210 Fifth

Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010 at \$15 per year, *In Crowd* promises to send your sealed message—for a \$2 fee, with half price for subscribers—to the person you'd most like to get your hands on. *In Crowd* claims same-day service, in case you're champing at the bit to meet the girl with the lovely lashes. Probably the only thing that lonely bondage freaks will not like about *In Crowd* magazine is that its cover is not leather bound.



Triple Dipper

Wouldn't you like a fresh dairy treat right now? The great part about dairy counters is looking over all the flavors available and selecting the number of scoops that hit the spot with your sweet tooth. And then, of course, there all those cute

little dairy scoopers in short skirts and paper hats who gush and ooze with enthusiasm.

The guys on the staff agree that their favorite dish is the beaver split at Dairy Quim. A couple of scoops of vanilla and one of strawberry, a fresh banana, maraschino cherries and hot chocolate syrup, all served up on a preheated pink platter to help this delicious, gooey snack to melt in your mouth—or in your hands. All you have to do is add nuts.

Sticky Fingers



A team of Swedish sexologists has been bringing nude male and female models into a class of blind students to acquaint them with bodies of the opposite sex—by touch—in what could be called a "feel day." The students are handicapped in sex education because they haven't had a chance to see what's what.

It made us realize we'd never heard a blind guy say "Look at that ass!" We also wondered if blind chicks can have wet

dreams about Robert Redford.

But letting blind kids get a feel for sex is only a first step. Some embarrassing bedroom moments must still be overcome. For instance, a girl trying to suck off some guy's thumb, or a man frantically working to ease his cock into a chick's navel.

However, we are sure that class attendance must be up—among other things.

Mellow Yellow

It starts in grade school, when you learn that you can control nature's call until the pressure is too much and you finally unleash a spray that reaches the far wall of the rest room. Then you begin to apply the fine points of penmanship to fresh snowfalls, beaches, the walls of Peggy Sue's house and, if you are brave enough, the principal's car.



Now it appears that Peggy Sue may be able to leave a message on *your* front door. This spraddle-legged beach bunny is demonstrating the frightening and far-reaching effects of that women's lib disease called "penis envy." Disheartened studs are finding "Urethra Power" sprayed on their favorite sand dunes or subway walls.

It's only the beginning. The next thing you know, women will be eating in restaurants right at the same tables with the rest of us.

The Billion-Dollar Bird



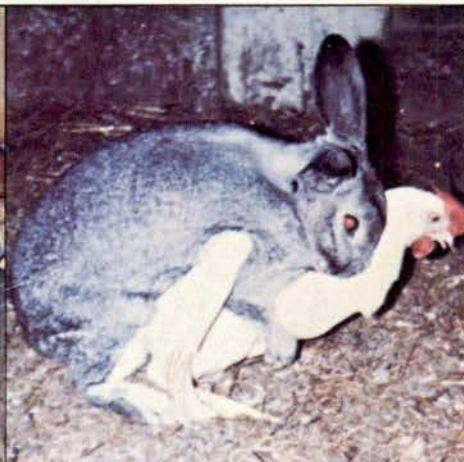
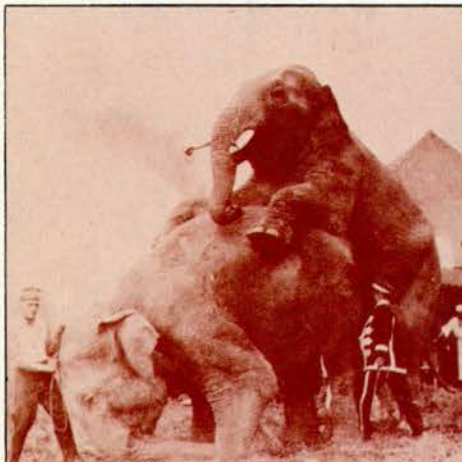
Pictured here is former Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller carrying on a family tradition by instinctively reacting to some

protesters at Binghamton, New York, who had given Rocky a one-finger salute. It was merely one of several recent episodes

in which old Captain Coins stepped on his own pecker in public. He had previously accused Senator Henry Jackson's staff of practicing communism; then he announced that Castro killed Kennedy, and finally he ripped a sign from a Ron Reagan delegate at the Pachyderm Party convention.

Rocky may not really give a shit about his waning political career, but he does have a family image to uphold—the "fuck-you-all" attitude of the Gotrocks. Fortunately for the decent folks at Binghamton, the protesters weren't mooning the Rock, since he most likely would have responded in kind, according to his wife's motto: "Tit for tat."

The Beast of HUSTLER



Most of us first learned about sex from animals, either by watching animals fuck or fucking animals. Either way, it was an educational experience.

However, as these pictures prove, some of our four-legged friends could sometimes use a lesson in proper sex techniques. This circus trainer had to take on the role of a sex

counselor to convince Jumbo that the coziest place for his pecker was *not* under Momo's big ear flap. It could have become a pressing problem, but Jumbo and the man are now close friends.

These three little pigs are unmistakably wolves when it comes to sex—or possibly the third little pig is just hamming it

up. Animal three-ways are bound to be sloppy, and this is a case where human guidance was sorely needed. At least these perverted porkers were smart enough to only fuck their own species.

Not so in the case of the unfortunate chicken with that literal wild hare up her ass. According to a reader who sent

in this picture, the hen died never knowing what hit her. Had she lived, Easter eggs might have been an early crop.

We all know that animals get it on. It's no big deal. But to find that our furry friends have gone kinky shocks even *our* moral sensibilities.

By the way, do you know where *your* pets are?

Blue Streak



Just what could force seven Alaska pipeline workers to risk frostbite of the fuck stick by stripping off their clothes and running bare-assed along a metal tube? Could they be chasing down some sweet Eskimo pie, or perhaps a caribou in heat? Then again, it's possible their assets—clothes and

all—were spent during a wild weekend at Sol Iceberg's Polar Pleasure Palace, and these guys are just making their way home by the most direct route.

Their reason must be good because it's nippy in Alaska, even in the summer. In fact, it's cold enough to give real meaning to the term *blue balls*.



HOT Nuts

Ever see a cashew get its nut? Maybe you thought that it was difficult to get these very shy creatures to come out of their shells, but HUSTLER caught a pair during a mating ritual akin to human romance.

No research has ever been done on cashew organs, but with a stem like that one, he should be able to give her a hot roasting, to say the least.

Jungle Bunny Hop

G. I. Jackson only wanted to unleash his heavy load into something other than the white gun bearer's ass. The white goddess missionary would be his. He skipped the massacre of old women and children so that he could check the river for a trading boat bringing Ripple and watermelons. She had run to the dock looking for a boat on which to escape.

Jackson leaped from the tall jungle grass, pounced on the pale, thin "Miss Barba" and began tearing at the skimpy outfit she'd been wearing while teaching the nig-nigs ballet. At first, she was stunned as she fought off the advances of the potent Prince of Darkness. "I'm

white," she stammered over and over, and the contrast of flesh tones was obvious as his sex-starved totem dug into her creamy flesh like a spade. Soon, however, the squish-squish of the native nook-nook was drowned out by their mutual moaning.

After the battle, the troops missed Mananumbo Jackson, and neither he nor Miss Barba were heard from again. But jungle legend tells of a blonde-haired Negress who haunts the dark jungle with her eerie cry: "Gimmeyoujohnson! Ooooo-aaaah!"



Tomb It May Concern

Besides risking an obscenity charge every time they introduced themselves, the two fellows whose final resting places are pictured here must have led rough lives—for totally opposite reasons. Charles Fucks, for instance, probably had more pussy during his short lifetime than his early American organ could handle.



Maybe that was what actually killed him after all. At any rate, he no doubt had a much happier sex life than did Increase Clapp, who probably died from terminal horniness after his mother had infected him with such a disgusting name.

Well, it's been over for years, gentlemen, so just rest easy. No one who ever met you forgot you, and that's more than most of us can say.

A Queer Journal



This photo set may stir the fire in some faggot's loins—but it strikes fear and loathing in the hearts of us straights. It's from *Blueboy*, a real heinie-poker's magazine that aggressively promotes the pink flamingo way of life. *Blueboy* is the first full-color slick publication that is meant to be sold over the counter to Hershey highway humpers nationwide.

Closet cases who fear being rolled by their local newsdealer may obtain a copy by sending \$2—in a perfumed envelope—to 185 N. E. 166th St., Miami, Florida 33162.

Eventually we snatch-loving males may be forced to walk around with our backs to the wall, unless we wise up soon and begin burning dirt-road Romeos at the stake. With our luck, though, those masochistic peter eaters would probably have the last laugh by squatting on the stake.



Barely Visible

Our never-ending search for skin led us to review the two most publicized nude beauty pageants of this past sun-filled season: Dick Drost's Naked City Pageant in Rose Lawn, Indiana, and the Ms. All-Bare

Pageant in New York City.

At Drost's Midwestern sun club, his girlfriend (some say wife), Cheryle, is the permanent queen. But Dick has included a Miss Nude Teenybopper category to the event,

which also features competition for Mr. Nude Trucker. The winner in the minor leagues this year was Gina (photo, left), the firm-titted blonde perched with Cheryle on Dick's lap in this candid pose.

The Ms. All-Bare Pageant, held in the Beacon Theatre in New York, culminated with only one winner this year after a three-day parade of prime flesh. The judges' choice last year, Lisa Alligood, had to share the title with the winner announced by the pageant director, Rod Swenson. The co-winner, Lynn Lindgren, did not appear at this year's affair, nor did she materialize in a *Penthouse* photo spread, as she was supposed to, according to last year's contest rules.

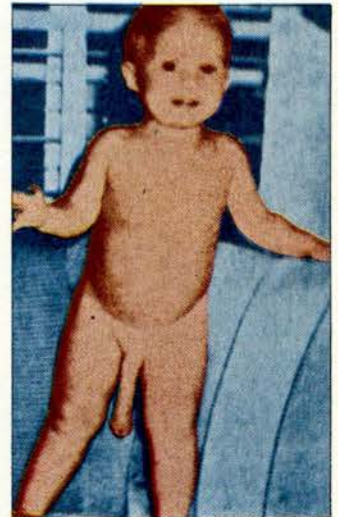
Joey Ryder took this year's competition hands down after playing with her rock group in the new category of talent competition. She received her crown from Lisa (photo, right), but no bouquet of roses was offered, apparently because of the danger posed by those prickly thorns.

It's difficult to get a job as judge of one of these contests, but that position might not be the piece of cake you think it is. It seems that no matter how you slice it, you're bound to come up with a split decision.

—Alex Siodmak

This Horse Is a Long Shot

During a recent visit to Larry and Althea Flynt's modest 23-room home, we had a chance to view the Flynt family album. We saw a photo of Larry in a raincoat he received for his first



Christmas—and then this candid photo caught our eye. Larry claims it's not unusual for a Kentuckian to be hung to his knees, but we had to remind him that at age two your knees are a lot closer to your ass.

As everyone knows, Larry has done a lot of growing since his second birthday, but no one is more aware of it than Althea. She was hooked on Larry as soon as she found out his long-range plans included a probing interest in her future. So when Larry and Althea were united in marriage last August, it was no surprise to hear friends say, "Old 'horse cock' has done it again!"



faelli's fuck photos. Now, Raffaelli's making hard-core 8mm movies and apparently aiming them at the same class of art appreciation hypocrites who think fucking is something that should be done on a rubber sheet.

The two Raffaelli films we saw, *Dream Lover* and *Menage a Trois*—from which we took this confused frame—are among those being offered for \$25 by Diverse Industries, Inc. (7651 Haskell Ave., Van Nuys, CA 91406). In these movies, the maestro uses a fan and stark white or black backdrops to improvise a windblown, dreamlike setting. But that's precisely the problem with Raffaelli's artsy approach.

Fucking isn't a dream—it's a sweaty, jizz-stained reality. We would have traded all of Raffaelli's shots of bone-dry, hygienic humping for just one trashy loop of some soggy cunt being righteously stuffed by a hot duck-butter-crust cock. Now *that's* art!

But Is It Sex?

Photographer Ron Raffaelli's artsy 1975 picture book *Rapture* permitted the coffee-table crowd to cop hard-ons while they babbled about the "sensitive compositions" and those "evocative textures" of Raf-

If you have any interesting or unusual *Blits & Pieces* contributions, pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay \$50 for pictures, news items, quips and stories that we publish in *Blits & Pieces*. HUSTLER buys all rights on material accepted for publication and will keep all material purchased. All submissions we don't use will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

HUSTLER wants to thank—with a big 50 bucks—our February *Blits & Pieces* contributors: M. A. Argetsinger, Jerry R. Atwell, Donald Boyle, R. H. Dewey, Leslie Doucette, D. R. Goff, John Kohn, Buffy Oliver, Dan Sell and James Street.



"Now do you believe I love you?"

FINAL

Sex Bits



VOL. 3 NO. 8

HUSTLER NEWS SERVICE

FEBRUARY 1977

**Compiled by
Mike Sheeter**

Sex Bits brings you news from around the world on startling discoveries and revelations, unusual gadgets and research and a peek at the freakiest and most bizarre happenings. Presented monthly, these little quips of information will give any Hustler a well-rounded knowledge of what's really going on in the world and why it's happening.

WATCH IT, MATE

CANBERRA (HNS)—A married Australian man could well face rape charges for getting a piece from his unwilling wife, if the Labour Government has its way.

Currently, Australian law conforms to the almost universal notion that wives are obligated to put out for their husbands. But, "we don't hold with that old-fashioned nonsense here," Australian Attorney General Don Duncan states, explaining the

reasoning behind legislation that would take away the man's right to have sex on demand with his better half.

"Our government believes that all laws which continue to treat a wife as the property of her husband must be abolished," Duncan stated. If the law is changed, there may not be any reason to call Australian men "mates."

PORNO PIRATES DEEP-SIXED

NEWARK (HNS)—An outfit called the Arts Guild of New York successfully borrowed a replica of Columbus's ship, the *Santa Maria*, for a day of filming. The ship's owners had been told that the Arts Guild just wanted to shoot a battle scene off the Jersey coast. But production came to an abrupt halt under direct orders from the irate skipper, Fred Quillen. He said he believed that the men and women on board the ship were preparing to shoot a porno movie.

"There was a lot more than just a little skin showing," said Quillen.

"It's about a swashbuckling, fighting bunch of pirates," stated director Beau Buchanan. "So what if people see a little breast?"

WHIFF 'N' POOF SONG

DENVER (HNS)—If you're eating tasty pussy, and the woman favors you with an extra course, a cunt fart, don't be offended. The pussy fart (or emphysematous vaginitis, if you want to be technical) is usually involuntary.

According to Dr. E. Stewart Taylor of the University of Colorado Medical Center, a pussy fart is nothing more than "the eruption of a small bleb of gas which has been formed on the vaginal wall."

In most cases, the beaver burp is a release of air that's been trapped in the lady's prune during fucking. If you want to avoid it, screw her in a swimming pool.

'PINKMAIL' ON THE RISE

WASHINGTON, D.C. (HNS)—A Washington, D.C., police sergeant says that homosexual con artists are doing a thriving business blackmailing wealthy and powerful men in the nation's capital. Most of the con games are familiar to police officers, and almost all of them involve gay sex.

Sergeant William Harrison of the metropolitan bunko

squad explains that in order for the swindles to be effective, the con artists make certain that their potential victims have such important positions that they cannot afford to be exposed as homosexuals. Harrison says that his department finds it difficult to deal with the con men because of the reluctance of their well-known victims to cooperate with police. They just don't want the publicity.

Apparently, the great number of faggot VIPs makes D.C. a grifter's paradise.

pressures that portray sex as being only for young people. Furthermore, the Syracuse researchers say that elderly people may be penalized by loss of pension, social security or welfare benefits if they marry. The situation is further complicated by the fact that many old people frown on sexual activity outside of marriage.

The report scoffs at the notion that fucking is too strenuous for senior citizens. Its authors state that sexual intercourse is no more taxing than walking up two flights of stairs. And everyone admits it's a lot more fun.

OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER

SYRACUSE (HNS)—Many older people have given up sex because society has persuaded them they no longer have a need for it, or so say two Syracuse University researchers. "Sex and the elderly has been a silent subject," according to a report written by Dr. Dan Rubenstein, a sociology professor, and Judith Brier, a graduate student.

Both Rubenstein and Brier claim that many of the elderly are getting discouraged from seeking sexual companionship because of all the myths, taboos and social

NOT FOR EXPORT

TRENTON (HNS)—When Kathy Peterson of Trenton, New Jersey, saw that her passport application had a space in which to indicate any of her unusual identifying characteristics, she sent back a photo that showed her nude to the waist, revealing her generous chest.

The bluenosed State Department bureaucrats flatly refused to allow her to use the picture on her passport.

"I don't know what the hullabaloo is about," Kathy complained. "After all, they really are my most unusual characteristic."

POSTMAN LOSES USE OF SACK

CLEARWATER (HNS)—Though mail carriers may be willing to slog through sleet, snow and rain, what happened to Clearwater, Florida, mailman Joseph Lucas would stay even the hardest postman from his appointed rounds.

While delivering a letter, Lucas received a vicious bite on the balls from the dog

belonging to the addressee. Incapacitated by the wound, Lucas struck back by taking the beast's owner to court. A sympathetic jury awarded the injured mailman \$14,000 in damages and threw in another thousand dollars to console Lucas's wife for the loss of his services. The dog has not been reached for comment.

SEX PLAY

by Michael Toohey

A few years ago, I had an opportunity to play a kidnaper in an 8mm mail-order film about the abduction and torture of a teenage schoolgirl. Being curious, amoral and impoverished, I jumped at the chance, especially when I was assured that I could preserve my anonymity by wearing a stocking mask throughout. The film was extremely soft core and meant to appeal mainly to people who are turned on by bondage and spanking. At that time, neither of these diversions was particularly intriguing to me, and my experience in these areas was limited. Since the production company was a low-budget outfit, there were no rehearsals. In the course of the day's shooting I eventually found myself sitting in a chair, completely clothed, with a naked girl sprawled across my lap and the director whispering, "Spank her! Spank her!" as the film rolled on.

So I spanked her, badly at first, missing her ass completely on one stroke as she frantically squirmed to get free in a mock struggle. However, I refused to be upstaged by this naked nymph, so I tightened my grip on her, unleashing a series of blows that reddened one cheek of her ass like a ripe tomato. "Good, good. Keep it up!" the director coached. "Get her whole ass. Don't hit the same place twice." So, I crisscrossed the area from her lower back to her thighs, until the entire region took on a warm crimson glow. By now the girl was no longer acting. Her squirming became more frantic as she cursed and bit me, which only fueled my excitement and made me more determined to put this little bitch in her place. I directed a few slaps to the general area of her hot cunt and noticed, to my surprise, that it was wet.

She's a masochist, I concluded, and immediately realized that I myself must be a sadist, since my cock was straining the seams of my Levi's as I pummeled her

This series is prepared especially for HUSTLER, and it is designed to help you give your lover the rare excitement and satisfaction in sexual relations that make every experience an important one. It should help you and your lover reach greater heights than either of you had thought possible. These pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long a time. So, HUSTLER invites you, the reader, to travel with us through the exciting, erotic realm of human sexual pleasures.



The Erotic Art of Spanking

(loving by the seat of your pants)

upturned tush. When it was all over, I rationalized that I was only acting, and anyway I hadn't done anything that didn't occur every day in schools and homes around the world. Then it dawned on me just how widespread the pleasure—and pain—of spanking really is.

Many of us have streaks of mild masochism, soft sadism—or both—that inadvertently shine through in our everyday

treatment of family, friends and business associates. Perhaps the best example of one who displays both these traits is the schoolteacher who sadistically metes out swats to deserving youths and at the same time masochistically puts up with 50 children five days each week. Obviously, sadism and masochism do not have clear sexual overtones in such a case. But many a schoolboy has pounded his puerile pud to the fantasy of a teacher spanking his bare bottom—or vice versa.

Whether or not spanking in schools is a constructive form of discipline has long been a subject of debate in the U.S. But in Britain it is a tradition, an accepted form of sexual awakening. Volleys of well-placed blows have conditioned so many British buns that spanking is universally regarded as a British form of foreplay. Indeed, the fetish slang term "English" includes spanking in its definition. British men's magazines routinely contain features on spanking, and the adult bookstores in England are packed with periodicals dealing almost exclusively with spanking. Prostitutes attest that Englishmen frequently request a spanking—active or passive—as part of their sexual package. Given the prevalence of spanking in British schools, it can be logically deduced that the love of a good ass warming often has its roots in child discipline.

I am not one to dwell upon the psychological motives that inspire a particular sexual activity. To me, the inherent pleasure that's derived from any sexual activity is reason enough to promote it, as long as it is harmless to all parties concerned. And spanking is harmless—in moderate doses. Whips, lead-filled rubber hoses and other such grisly devices belong in the realm of heavy S&M and have no place in the relatively gentle world of erotic spanking. Few people find a bloody, welt-covered ass a turn-on, but a warm set of rosy cheeks is an entirely different story. When I was an

apprentice pervert working for an underground sex tabloid, I once made the mistake of labeling spanking a "violent" activity. In a subsequent flood of mail, it was called to my attention that spanking was by no means violent. On the contrary, it was a tender and loving method of "corrective stimulation," as some chose to call it. However, the exact nature of erotic spanking completely eluded me—until the incident at the filming.

Of the many implements, techniques and positions for spanking, the classic over-the-knee, bare-bottom hand paddling seems to be the most popular, affording the spanker maximum control and physical contact, in addition to an excellent view of the target. Of course, this is primarily used under ideal conditions, and spankings are seldom initiated under ideal conditions. More often than not, the spankee is reluctant to undergo the ordeal and fights back—or at least pretends to.

Spanking is sometimes coupled with some kind of fantasy enactment, often revolving around a teacher-student or parent-child situation. Occasionally, the fantasies border on the incredible. One woman ran a classified ad in several underground sex papers soliciting men who were willing to dress up as Cub Scouts and endure a spanking from their "den mother." Another man paid boys to don military uniforms and withstand 20 blows of their "commanding officer's" cane. By far, the strangest obsession of all was that of a lady named "The Princess of Poo-Poo," who wrote an article for a fetish tabloid on the pleasures of shitting in her pants, molding the turds into a ball through the material and having her husband spank the mess flat. Whether or not such far-out scenes actually occur is questionable. But we do know that the fantasies exist. Often, there is no sex at all connected with these fantasies, which apparently are satisfying in themselves. These are extreme examples, to be sure. Most spanking fans are content to enjoy their sport within the context of reality.

People who are not introduced to the pleasures of spanking during childhood sometimes stumble upon it spontaneously during a fit of rage. In the 1962 movie *McLintock*, John Wayne, disgusted with Maureen O'Hara's stubbornness, takes her over his knee and bends her will by force. Likewise, many men who are confronted by childish women feel compelled to respond with an appropriate method of persuasion. Not surprisingly, the encounter frequently sparks more intimate sex play.

If you are curious about the spanking experience, take advantage of the next provocation your lover gives you so you can discover its pleasures firsthand. Be aggressive. Asking your partner if she'd like a spanking sometimes dilutes the thrill. But be prepared for a fight (this is half the fun). If she is wearing slacks, you may have to

One woman solicited men who would dress as Cub Scouts and endure a spanking from their "den mother."

settle for a clothed spanking, which is somewhat less effective than a bare-ass treatment as an erotic stimulant. If she's wearing a skirt, it's a simple matter to hike it up and yank her panties down. However, spanking a panty-shrouded ass is a turn-on for some, and although the panties serve as a shock absorber of sorts, the ass can still be tinted nicely through a thin layer of cotton or nylon. If the spanking progresses as intended, the panties will descend during the course of the action anyway. A bare ass will redden visibly and allow you to see the spots that have already been covered. Also, it makes possible such variations as the wet spanking, in which water or sweat magnify both the sound and sensation.

Every spanking fan has his or her favorite implements. Paddles, hair brushes and coathangers are definitely more painful than the bare hand, but a spanking using only the fingers in quick slaps can leave a lasting impression. Keep in mind, however, that the purpose of an erotic spanking is to arouse passion and not necessarily to inflict pain. Don't get carried away. Usually, 10 or 12 temperate blows are sufficient to do the job. When you're finished, it's a good idea to rub some lotion onto the abused area. This not only cools and soothes but also serves as a lubricant for further activity.

There is always the chance that no matter how hard or long you spank your sweetheart, she will not relent as Maureen O'Hara did. Afterward, she may in fact turn

on her "John Wayne" with flying fists, or at least remain forever cross-legged to his advances. You should have some idea beforehand whether or not she is likely to react favorably to a spanking. You might even make the first episode one you can laugh off if necessary because welts are no laughing matter. Finally, in the interest of fairness, be prepared to take it as well as to dish it out. This may not hold with your *macho* image of yourself, but it will ultimately make you a better spanker by helping you to understand the experience from both sides.

There are several outlets for spanking enthusiasts who do not have partners. One of them is the commercial S&M establishment, where a spanking can be given or received for a set fee. Most of these places shy away from outright sex, so a spanking under such circumstances is likely to leave you high and dry. Some prostitutes will service spanking fans, adjusting their rates accordingly for what they classify as a "kink." The guaranteed release makes this the better investment.

Voyeurism is another alternative for the frustrated spanker. A number of spanking books and films can be found at most adult bookstores and through mail-order firms. Outside of spanking and nudity, the majority of these books contain little, if any, sex. The best spanking erotica is produced in Britain, but the colonies are coming on strong in this field as more Americans discover the thrill of paddling for pleasure. The essentially soft-core nature of spanking movies and literature makes them palatable to postal authorities, which is comforting to know in this age of repression.

Although I do advocate an occasional spanking as a sexual hors d'oeuvre, I do not condone beating your lover. I admit I got a bit out of hand that day at the filming (fortunately the girl had a high tolerance for pain). However, a gentle—yet forceful—spanking can be an effective aphrodisiac, and as such it is an act of love.

Listed below are companies that deal in books, films, implements, etc., for spankers:

Real Life, Inc. 14338 Victory Blvd. Van Nuys, CA 91403 Catalog: \$2	B&D Publishing Company P. O. Box 347 New York, NY 10028 Catalog: \$2
Roxbury Press 256 S. Robertson Blvd. Beverly Hills, CA 90211 Catalog: \$2	Rosslyn News P. O. Box 1001 Studio City, CA 91604 Catalog: \$3
House of Milan Corp. Box 24080 Los Angeles, CA 90024 Catalog: \$5	Tao Productions 7046 Hollywood Blvd. Hollywood, CA 90028 Catalog: \$1

X-RATED REVIEWS



A virgin is deflowered by a group of geishas during one of the many bizarre rituals that occur in Nagisa Oshima's *In the Realm of the Senses*.

HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books will fill you in and keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula.

However, as many porno films are censored to conform with "local community standards," the movies we review might not be exactly what you see. We suggest you check with your theater before going, to make sure that your money is buying the genuine article.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION!

If this one doesn't get it up, you are probably dead because it is almost a constant turn-on.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

It's worthwhile. Almost gets it up. However, it can still be beat.



HALF-ERECT

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

MOVIES

by Frank Fortunato

IN THE REALM OF THE SENSES



In the Realm of the Senses (also known as *The Empire of the Senses*) is based on a '30s true story: an obsessive love affair between a gangster and a geisha. A Japanese import, it was the sensation of the Cannes Film Festival. It's also the best hard-core film I have ever seen.

Senses (see the advance review, December *Bits & Pieces*) was directed by Nagisa Oshima, a radical director who has a large cult following among the young people of Japan due

to his innovative photographic techniques and the political subject matter of his previous movies. In *Senses*, the brutality is contrasted by the beautiful photography, blending violence and sex into a sensuous stew.

Senses is filled with rituals and gestures that serve to define the characters, which is typical of Japanese movies. For example, at one point in the film, the lovers are riding in a carriage and the gangster is fingering the geisha. "Don't," she says, "I'm having my period." In response to this, the gangster removes his blood-stained fingers and puts them inside of his mouth, commenting, "It doesn't matter." Later on, she holds a huge carving knife to his balls and then threatens to castrate him if he ever fucks another woman

again. The scene ends with her cutting off a patch of his pubic hair and eating it.

The rituals become heavier and heavier as the film progresses. Eventually *Senses* reaches into the dark world of S&M. In one scene, the geisha sits on the gangster's cock, while at the same time half-strangling him with a scarf. This brutal type of lovemaking is repeated several times, until he finally says to her, "If you must strangle me again, go all the

way, because it is too painful afterwards." Pain is a basic element in this film, as proved by the violent castration scene.

An erotic and violent film, *Senses* is also beautiful, and one reason is the fine color photography. The lively performances by Tatsuya Fuji as the gangster and Eiko Matsuda as the geisha are excellent. Although Fuji has been in over a hundred films, *In the Realm of the Senses* marks the film debut of the beautiful Matsuda.

The camera angles in the film may put off some filmgoers because they often miss the point of penetration, oral or vaginal. However, the overall effect is quite erotic, leaving more to the imagination.

In the Realm of the Senses demonstrates a definite breakthrough in erotic films, mainly because the movie is just as concerned with what's going on inside the actors' heads as it is with their proficiency at giving head.

CHINA DE SADE

China De Sade is spy smut in a San Francisco setting. The title is misleading because the film is not in the tradition of *The Story of O* or *The Night Porter*. Although there is plenty of violent sex and some bondage, this film seems to have been made for Bruce Lee fans and not for the whip and chain crowd. Basically it is a solid movie that manages to hold together with the help of several unusual sex scenes and good acting from a cast of talented fornicators.

One of the exceptional sex scenes is in the opening sequence: A couple has sex on a glass-topped table in a gazebo while another man hides and watches them. This is a truly beautiful and erotic outdoor scene that ends as the guy sprays a generous stream of his spratz all over the glass tabletop.

Sex scenes abound, and the sets and photography are quite good, lending credibility and interest to a plot that has been replayed dozens of times since the days of Sam Spade.

The story follows Lieutenant Phillip Whellen (Ari Adler) in his efforts to rescue his old flame Ming Lee (Linda Wong, the *HUSTLER* April 1976 cover girl) from the fanatic Krieg. Whellen is captured, escapes and is recaptured by Krieg and his crew of hedonistic heavies.

Dale Neador, as Krieg, and several members of the now-defunct San Francisco comedy troupe, The Committee, who play CIA types, turn in fine acting jobs. But when Linda Wong recites a line of dialog, it comes out stilted and wooden. However, when her thespian tasks turn to the carnal, Linda puts on a fine performance. She is a very sensuous lady.

There is an excellent surprise ending, but essentially it is the lustful and imaginative sex in *China De Sade* that places this otherwise average porn film a step above the ordinary.



It's not who you know, it's who you blow. Vanessa Del Rio demonstrates how she became a vice ring head.

THAT LADY FROM RIO

The first 15 minutes of *That Lady from Rio* make you think you've stumbled into the wrong theater because the opening of the film is as tame as *Lassie Come Home*. However, the sucking and fucking that runs on throughout the rest of the flick sets you to wondering why everyone on the screen doesn't eventually drown in a sea of semen. But somehow they all manage to stay afloat.

It would take a computer to review and analyze the cornucopia of couplings, most of which occur simultaneously,

while the camera cuts back and forth from orifice to orifice. I counted eight cum shots before I stopped keeping track. Many of these juicy shots were directed into the cavernous mouth of Vanessa Del Rio, who plays Number One, the head of an international vice ring that's known as Sphincter. She comes to New York from South America to revitalize her flagging Stateside operation and ultimately meets her demise. Considering the number of orgasms that precede her being offed by the Mafia, her death is truly anticlimactic.

What saves *Lady* from being just another juicy loop is the screen appearance of Bobby Astyr, who plays Max, the head

pimp in Sphincter's New York operation. Astyr is perfectly cast as a street-bred, small-time gangster, and he plays the role with a sense of humor as jive jargon rolls off his tongue with the same facility that Vanessa swallows cum. Of all the comic types in pornographic films, I think Bobby Astyr could most easily make the transition to character roles in straight films.

This is a film that caters to hostile male fantasies. More cum is spilled inside women's mouths than in their cunts, and in one scene two dykes are forced to fuck at knife point. If male dominance is your bag, *That Lady from Rio* is a film that delivers.

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THE TROUBLE WITH YOUNG STUFF

The *Trouble with Young Stuff* has nothing to do with young stuff, and that's only part of the problem with this film. *Young Stuff* is a very weak attempt at proletarian porn. However, I do believe that construction workers and Rhodes scholars alike will agree that this is one tedious flick.

The action swings back and forth between sex and dialog, all of which takes place in a ramshackle house. Apparently it is a small place, since the photography is strictly confined to close-ups of faces and genitals, leading one to believe that the cameraman could not get far enough away to fit a whole body into a frame.

The film begins with Alice, played by Christine Williams, and Rose, played by Marlene Willoughby, two of the women who share the house, discuss-



Young stuff gets herself righteously stuffed by a working-class hero.

ing "Getting our jobs back at the mill." Their boyfriends are introduced as a truck driver and a stevedore in an effort to establish the working-class identities of the actors.

Eventually, Alice's younger cousin Mathilda (Sara Barnes) blows into town for a short visit. Presumably, she is the "young stuff" of the film's title, but in reality she resembles a virgin librarian in her late 20s. Mathilda proceeds to fuck and

suck everyone. By the last scene she has the entire cast moaning and writhing on a bed.

Despite the fact that the film overflows with sex scenes, the majority of which are lesbian, *Young Stuff* is out of place as a hard-core feature film. It would be more at home inside a jizz-stained peep machine, where the hokey sound track ("Oh, fuck me, you son of a bitch!") would be drowned out by the slapping of palm against pud.

BLOWDRY

Blowdry is a parody of the film *Shampoo*. It's a frivolous flick, but unlike the majority of attempts at hard-core satire, it is an imaginative one.

You can leave the raincoat at home for this flick, since the emphasis is on entertainment

rather than titillation. Although it is elaborately staged and photographed, the sex tends to be goofy rather than erotic. A typical scene in *Blowdry*: Fenster Waddley, an oil tycoon, balls his secretary on the Xerox machine while maintaining a phone conversation with his wife. He trips the machine's switch and out pops a steady stream of close-ups of his

secretary's twat. Meanwhile Waddley's wife is copping her hairdresser's knob in between "yes, dears."

In general, the plot of *Blowdry* follows that of *Shampoo*. Warren seeks financing to set up his own shop, and his quest for loot leads him into a unique scene set inside a bank vault, where he slides into an attractive loan officer's pubic safe and fucks her on a pile of money. Eventually the movie turns into a real madhouse of movement, with people rarely remaining in one place long enough to fuck. *Blowdry* climaxes in a huge orgy scene that is well choreographed and definitely looks like fun.

The cinematic composition and the quality of the color photography are surprisingly good for a hard-core film. However, the overall lack of serious, heavy-breathing sex in this film is likely to leave you limp. But if zany comedies are your thing, you'll enjoy *Blowdry*.



Blowdry's Warren curls the short hairs of one horny young customer.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.

(Erection)

3 A.M.
Autobiography of a Flea
Cry for Cindy
The Devil in Miss Jones
(Uncut version)

Diversions
Expose Me, Lovely
Femmes de Sade
Midnight Desires
The Opening of
Misty Beethoven
Pussy Talk
Sweet Cakes
Through a Looking Glass

(Three-Quarters Erect)

Candy's Candy
Fantasex
Farewell Scarlet
Honey Pie
Hot Summer in the City
The Joy of Letting Go
The Story of Joanna
Temptations
Virgin Snow

(Half-Erect)

The Affairs of Janice
C. B. Mamas
China Lust
Dixie
Easy Alice
Gums
Little Orphan Sammy
Rollerbabies
Summer of Laura
Teenage Twins

(One-Quarter Erect)

The \$50,000 Climax
Ecstasy in Blue
Exhibition
Inside Marilyn Chambers
The Story of O
Sweet Punkin
A Touch of Sex

(Totally Limp)

The Devil in Miss Jones
(Censored version)
Let My Puppets Come
Patty
Snuff

BOOKS

Edited by Michael Toohey

A STRANGER IN THE MIRROR

By Sidney Sheldon
William Morrow, Inc.
105 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10016
\$8.95

A Stranger in the Mirror is a novel that does for fiction what the 55-mph speed limit did for the trucking industry. It's the story of Toby Temple, a stand-up comic with an enormous cock who pole-vaults his way to superstardom to fulfill his dead mamma's dream. After

years of paying his dues and polishing his act in cheesy theaters and nightclubs, Toby finds fame, fortune and more pussy than he can shake his log at. But alas, he cannot find love.

Toby's dilemma might be touching were it not for the fact that he not only *has* a big prick but *is* a big prick as well. He routinely shafts producers, directors, his faithful agent and scores of wide-eyed starlets, using each to further his career or to satiate his oversize organ before dumping them like a copy of yesterday's *Variety*. But despite nights spent cavorting in bed with as many as six girls at once, Toby cannot

seem to fill the void that was created when his mom died—until he meets Jill Castle, struggling bit player, ass about town and finally, Mrs. Toby Temple.

Jill and Toby are made for each other: She is as much of a cunt as he is a prick. Together they ruin more Hollywood careers than Joe McCarthy and his committee of witch hunters, until karma hits in the form of a stroke that turns Toby into a drooling doorstop and Jill into a bedpan bride. Amazingly, with Jill's help, Toby recovers, proving that people make their own miracles.

I'd hate to ruin the ending for you, should you be locked in a root cellar with a copy of this

book and decide to read it to pass the time. So I'll just say that the subsequent plot involves murder, revenge, a love triangle and a fateful blow job given to a nameless Mexican.

It seems that a story centered on a ruthless man with a big cock would quite naturally lend itself to graphic sex scenes, but *Stranger* leaves readers flaccid most of the time by shouting "cut" at the crucial points: "He carried her to the deep leather couch and made love to her." When the action is sustained, it is rarely for more than a paragraph, leading one to suspect that our big-cocked hero probably suffers from premature ejaculation.

"...A KIND OF LIFE." CONVERSATIONS IN THE COMBAT ZONE

By Roswell Angier
Addison House, Publishers
Morgan's Run
Danbury, NH 03230
\$15

Located in the heart of Boston, the Combat Zone is a place where ladies' legs and labia are spread wide in an otherwise cross-legged city. There, Raincoat Charlies dribble semen on the floors of bars and burlesque houses as strippers strut and thrust in front of them, and comedians defend the last bastion of old vaudeville with volleys of off-color jokes. Outside, the derelicts resurface the streets and alleyways with piss and vomit, oblivious to the stares of slumming businessmen and the overobservant police. To some, the Combat Zone is a chancre on the pursed lips of an otherwise proper Boston. To the Raincoat Charlies, the strippers, the comedians and the derelicts, it's home.

In the 1950s, a time when Boston still thrived as a major navy port, Washington Street was dubbed the Combat Zone.



Lorraine Gail as Harlowe, and nutless Elizabeth Harris: Zone curiosities.

In those days, a night out in the Zone meant a rowdy spree and possibly some time in jail—or in some hospital. But today the Zone thrives on its repeat customers, those ever-present men in raincoats; and though there is an attempt to maintain an air of calm, at times it is only an illusion.

"...A Kind of Life." *Conversations in the Combat Zone*, writer-photographer Roswell Angier's pictorial chronicle of survival in that sordid world, brings into sharp focus a way of life familiar to only an unfor-

tunate few. The words in the book are mostly those of the Zone's inhabitants: Steve Mills, a veteran burlesque comic for 66 years; Elizabeth Harris, a transsexual chorus girl; and Sonny, a simple-minded Zone resident who sweeps the sidewalks in front of the bars and who will stand on his head in the middle of the street for a dollar.

However, the saddest, most revealing words are those of the strippers, the women who bump and grind their way through middle age, sustained

along the way only by dreams of stardom. One of the girls, Lorraine Gail, worked under the name Jean Harlowe and dreamed of a fantasy world in which she drove to work in a 1930 Duesenberg. She once said, "I don't think you can soak yourself in too much fantasy." But the reality of Zone life finally caught up with her one afternoon when Lorraine was murdered while out walking her two dogs.

Some of the girls survive by going through their routines mechanically, programmed by years of ritual undressing. A few are genuine exhibitionists and delight in the hard-ons that they can raise by using their naked, writhing bodies. Others, like Deirdre Rhodes, consider themselves "social workers": "We keep degenerates off the streets and send lots of men home horny to their wives."

If you're looking to get off, this book may save you a trip to the seedy part of town. The photos aren't very candid, but *Conversations in the Combat Zone* manages to be a turn-on in spite of this. The shots of strippers backstage, at home and on the street, and their personal stories told in their own words, gave this reader an intimate view of the Zone that is somehow more exciting than watching the action from a third-row seat.

A DIGNIFIED REQUIEM FOR A NECROPHILIAC

By Jerry Mumford
Exposition Press
900 South Oyster Bay Road
Hicksville, NY 11801
\$3.50

Jerry Mumford's bizarre novel, *A Dignified Requiem for a Necrophiliac*, is about the sexual neuroses of twin brothers, Brent and Sherman Brooking, two men who have nothing in common except for their surname.

Brent Brooking is fascinated by the morbid. As a child he would wait outside the hospital emergency room in the hopes of catching a lurid glimpse of mangled flesh or even of death itself. So it is only logical that when it comes time to get a job Brent chooses to become a mortician.

Brent's life consists of one failure after another: He quit college after only a few weeks and is still a virgin in his late teens. But his new job at Memory Chapel Funeral Home becomes the turning point.

Soon, however, Brent's dark obsession begins to threaten his newfound happiness: "As I imagined what it would be like to thrust my rigid penis into the cold and necrosed tissue of a girl's vagina, my virgin cock began filling with blood until the bulge in my shorts became a mature, anxiously erect organ." It doesn't take long for Brent to act on his impulses. And it isn't long before he is caught in the embalming room at 2:30 in the morning having anal sex with the late Mr. Oglesby, age 74.

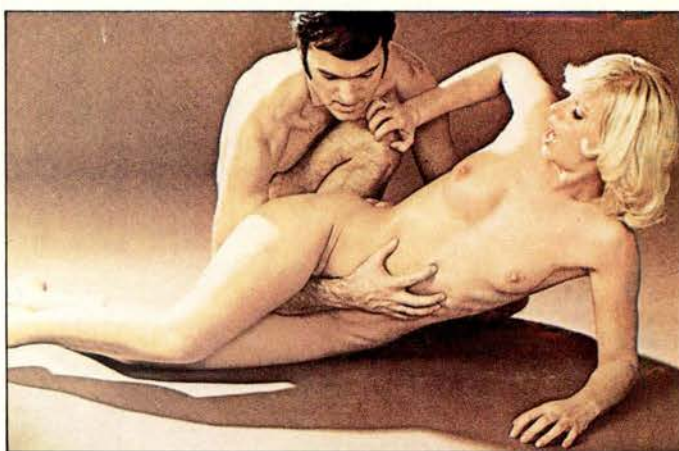
After a brief stay in a psychiatric hospital, Brent returns to school—a school of mortuary science. Here he manages to keep out of trouble and is satisfied merely to be in the same room with death without needing to fuck it. Not all of his classmates do as well, though. One boy is expelled for sneaking into the morgue at night and shooting pornographic photos

of dead bodies: "Some of the two-body poses must have taken hours to position, considering how uncooperative dead people can be. One photo depicted a young woman giving an elderly gentleman a blow job on the floor of the preparation room. Its caption was 'Knob Polisher.' The codger's well-hung but limp cock was stuffed into the woman's oral cavity up to its hairy hilt, her jaws strained apart like a snake swallowing a rabbit.... In the most despicable picture of all, a teen-age girl was photographed lying face up on the operating table, her buttocks propped up with books and her legs wide apart. A whitish cream was oozing from her hair-matted hole."

Shortly after his graduation from mortuary school, Brent finds himself on a psychiatrist's couch confessing his neurotic past and wondering: "Could it be that I am not really sexually oriented at all, but predisposed to a life of beating my meat and feeling cadavers?"

On the other hand, Sherman Brooking suffers from a different sort of problem. He is handsome (in his own words, "an absolutely gorgeous human being"), and although his sexual encounters are not as interesting as Brent's, they are certainly more frequent. Girls mob him for a chance to be impaled on his popular pud, and resultingly the VD clinic becomes Sherman's second home. His unending sexual marathon finally drives him to the Catskills, where he takes a job in an isolated resort just to give his overtaxed tool a rest. But things don't work out as planned for poor Sherman, who has to settle for a slowdown instead of celibacy.

Requiem is a short novel (75 pages), and there are spots where one might find himself craving more detail. Although Mumford manages within a few words to create clear characterizations and a fast-paced, lucid plot, the reader ultimately comes away from the book with the feeling that there has been a lot left unsaid.



SEXUAL ADVENTURES IN MARRIAGE

By Rudiger Boschmann and
Gunther Hunold
Pent-R Books, Inc.
P. O. Box 1555
Grand Central Station
New York, NY 10017
\$12.95 hard cover
\$7.95 soft cover

For several years prior to his marriage, Henry Kissinger enjoyed a reputation as Secretary of Snatch as he goose-stepped around the globe dipping his schnitzel into numerous celebrated females. But if the German sex manual *Sexual Adventures in Marriage* is any indication of a typical kraut's sexual savvy, the rumors about Henry were pure bullsheiss.

The book more than loses something in translation. With a text made up of dry, marriage-saving sexual advice, *Adventures* presents pictures with captions that range from "Well-developed labia minora are not ugly" to "Lovers often claw each other." We also learn such obscure sexual facts as: Penis size is not important, and foil should be removed from suppositories before insertion. This high-level sophistication carries through to the chapters on foreplay, which advise us to fuck our woman behind her knees and to throw in a lot of laughter and silliness along with the grunting and gasping. Although the section on sexual aids represents one of the first times this topic has been dealt



(Top) The German bowler's favorite form of foreplay. (Bottom) Sigrun kneels her hubby's groin.

with in textbook form, it is presented at the same grade-school level as the rest of the book.

The many full-color photos depict Sigrun and Helmut, supposedly a married couple, in various acts of lovemaking, but none of them, including the few involving penetration by the penis, is as hard as photos we have seen in several American sex manuals.

For the most part, the book provides a source of amusement for adults. Were it not for the semilucid photos, *Sexual Adventures in Marriage* might make a good sex primer for prepubescent *kinder*.

"Iss dis not der vay to fok?"
"Ja das iss...."



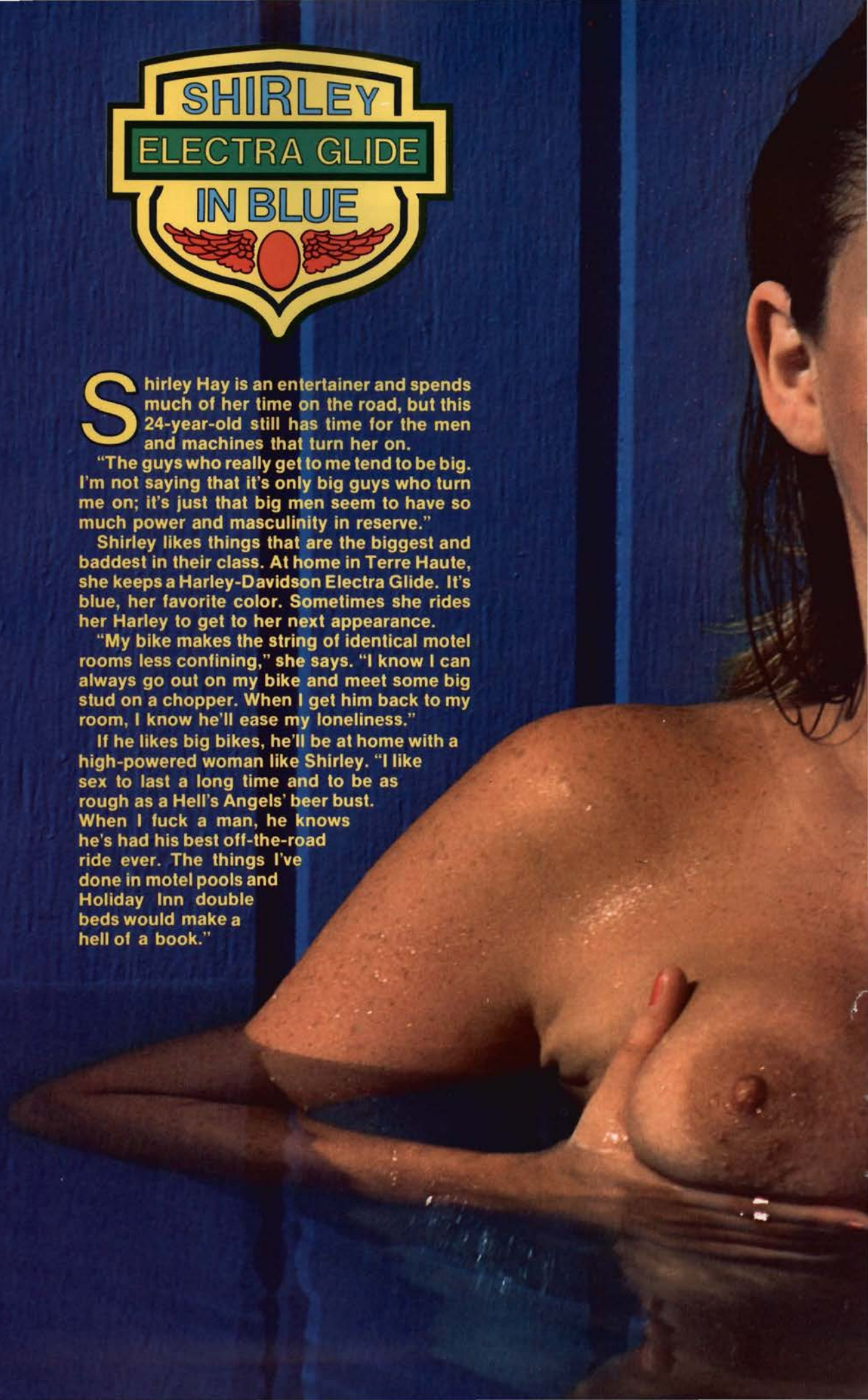
Shirley Hay is an entertainer and spends much of her time on the road, but this 24-year-old still has time for the men and machines that turn her on.

"The guys who really get to me tend to be big. I'm not saying that it's only big guys who turn me on; it's just that big men seem to have so much power and masculinity in reserve."

Shirley likes things that are the biggest and baddest in their class. At home in Terre Haute, she keeps a Harley-Davidson Electra Glide. It's blue, her favorite color. Sometimes she rides her Harley to get to her next appearance.

"My bike makes the string of identical motel rooms less confining," she says. "I know I can always go out on my bike and meet some big stud on a chopper. When I get him back to my room, I know he'll ease my loneliness."

If he likes big bikes, he'll be at home with a high-powered woman like Shirley. "I like sex to last a long time and to be as rough as a Hell's Angels' beer bust. When I fuck a man, he knows he's had his best off-the-road ride ever. The things I've done in motel pools and Holiday Inn double beds would make a hell of a book."





Photographed by James Baes









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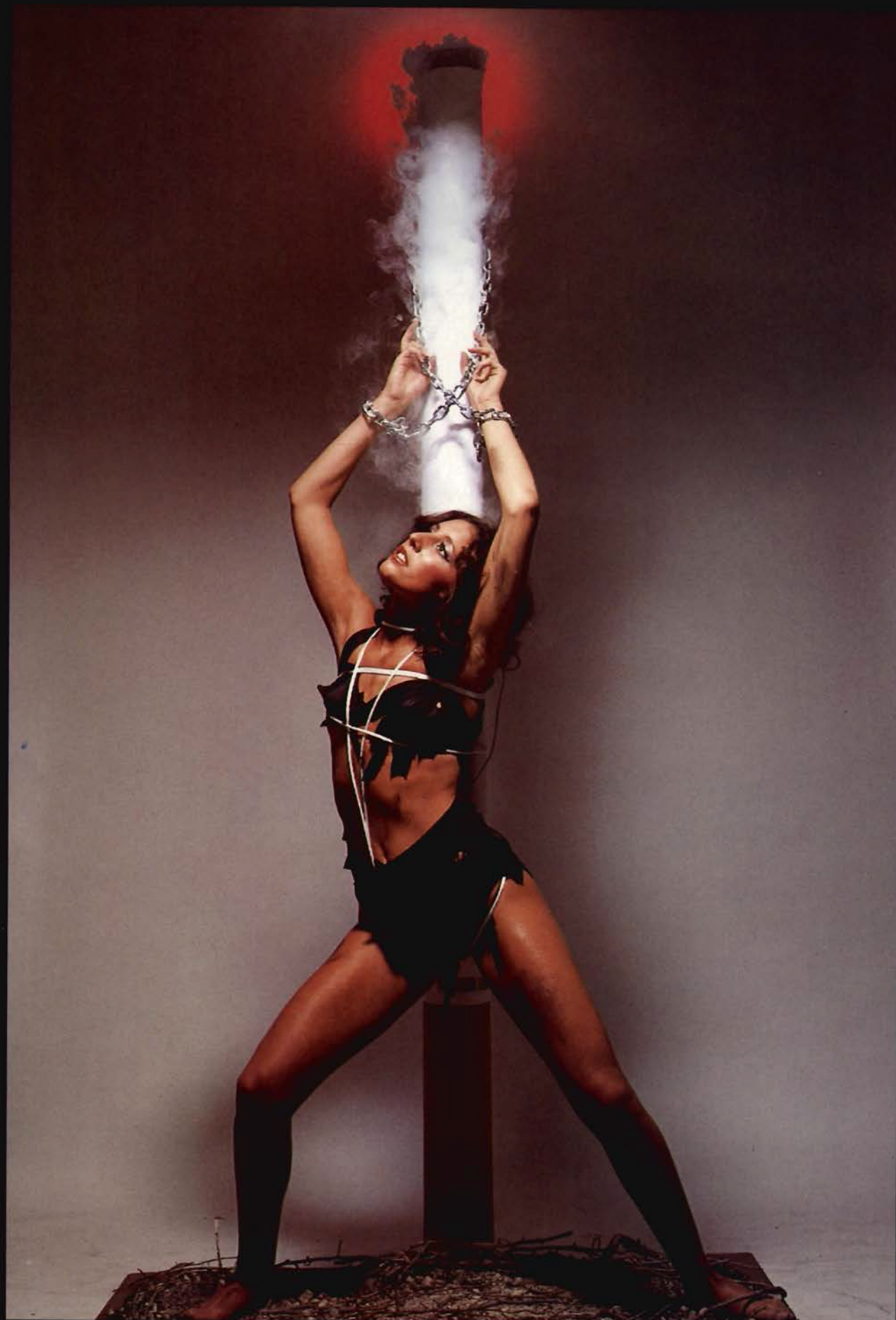
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Produced by Steve Sayadian / Photographed by Wayne Phillips

AMERICA'S BIGGEST PUSHERS



Article by Ray Schultz

In response to the news that cigarette smoking had caused cancer in laboratory animals, a tobacco executive remarked, "All this proves is that mice shouldn't smoke." The executive implied that despite these scientific findings, human beings would still continue to enjoy their nicotine, as indeed they have, if cigarette sales are any indication.

As of this writing, much to the glee of the tobacco industry, a full quarter of the American people continue to smoke. They puff on approximately 1½ billion cigarettes a day, or 75 million packs. The average smoker inhaled 214 packs in 1973, which was three packs less than he did in 1963, but 15 more than in 1970.

And unquestionably, the damage to the national health from such inhalation is extreme: Nearly half a million smokers a year die from lung cancer, heart attack, emphysema, cancer of the bladder, pancreas, lip and throat, and countless more suffer from ulcers, chronic bronchitis and assorted mouth diseases. Yet, cigarette use was growing at a steady two or three percent a year between 1970 and 1974, while industry profits, aided by government subsidies and other factors, had risen by a staggering rate of 15 percent.

Prior to 1900, most tobacco was either chewed or rolled at home in cigarette papers, much the same as marijuana is today. By and large, it was considered to be a disgusting habit; the rare person who smoked consumed an average of 16 cigarettes per year, and most women did not smoke at all. The situation changed shortly before the turn of the century, when new techniques for mass production were invented, enabling the tobacco companies to produce thousands of cigarettes in the time it previously took a smoker to roll one.

For the first time in history, cigarettes were available by the pack in every city and town in the country. In the meantime, the industry's handpicked emissaries to Congress contrived to exempt tobacco from the Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906, thus avoiding the regulations that plagued the manufacturers of so many other products. The biggest boost to the prosperity of the tobacco companies came a few years later with the development of mass advertising. By the mid-'20s, ads for brand names like Lucky Strike and Camel were splattered on every billboard and on the pages of every magazine. They depicted smoking as an attractive pastime, linked to sporting activities and romance. In particular, women

were led to believe that smoking was racy and daring. For example, an early Chesterfield ad showed a pretty young girl telling her boyfriend, "Blow some my way." This sort of pitch has continued to this day, with the notorious Virginia Slims ad campaign equating tobacco with women's liberation.

As the tobacco companies were well aware, they were not merely competing with each other to sell cigarettes; they were creating a market for their product that never before existed. In a few years, thanks to subliminal advertising and popularization of smoking by movie and sports idols, millions of men, women and children picked up the habit. Then the companies received an unforeseen advantage: mass addiction. As we know today, nicotine is a habit-forming drug, comparable to heroin and alcohol. In most cases, the physical habit is equaled by a psychological dependence so powerful that people light up cigarettes without even thinking about it.

Maybe the tobacco lords knew that they were addicting an entire population; maybe they didn't. In any case, they wasted no time in exploiting it to the fullest. One obvious ploy was to keep on going as they were, aiming their advertising at the young non-smokers instead of at people who were already hooked. Another ploy was to send

thousands of free cartons to veterans' hospitals and overseas servicemen. Not only did they receive good publicity for this charitable venture, they also gained new lifetime customers among the men who received the handouts. At the same time, their attitude seemed to be symbolized by the copy in one of their ads: "Not a Cough in a Carload."

Even as early as the '20s, there were indications that smoking was harmful, but the tobacco men worked very hard to keep such information from becoming generally known. In 1936, a medical researcher exhibiting a cancerous lung remarked that such a case was so rare it might never be seen again. It wasn't until the early '50s, when the first generation of heavy smokers started dying off en masse, that scientists were able to show a definite relationship between smoking and respiratory disease, especially lung cancer.

The information contained in those reports was grim, to say the least. In lab experiments, it was determined that nicotine was a highly poisonous substance, which, in more concentrated doses, could cause instant death. Less than one gram injected at one time can kill a man of average weight. In cigarettes, it is found in small enough doses so that the body tolerates it, but it is the substance that causes a person to get sick the first time he smokes. Nicotine is normally considered the addictive substance in tobacco. It triggers a discharge from the adrenal glands and this stimulates other endocrine glands, causing the release of sugar (glycogen) from the liver. As one scientist explained, a single cigarette causes an instant high, followed by a sudden down. The obvious solution when you feel yourself coming down is to light up yet another cigarette. In addition, nicotine speeds up the heart rate at least 20 beats a minute and causes blood vessels to constrict, leading to circulation problems.

The "tars" of tobacco are thus far the main substances linked to lung cancer or cancers of other parts of the body, such as the throat, that are exposed to smoke. "Tar" is the sticky brown substance formed from the particles in cigarette smoke after the nicotine and moisture are subtracted. It includes compounds known as polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons (PAH). It is the PAH that is generally believed to be the source of the carcinogens in tar because at least 11 chemicals of PAH are known to scientists as tumor initiators.

However, as we now know, nicotine and these particles of tar are not the only dangerous substances found in cigarettes. Altogether, the tobacco of the common butt contains some 100 chemical compounds,

**Cigarette smoke
contains over
270 gaseous
compounds, in-
cluding DDT,
hydrogen cyanide
and carbon
monoxide.**

and the smoke itself contains over 270 gaseous compounds, many of which are dangerous. DDT, the pesticide that is sprayed on tobacco crops, is a compound that accelerates PAH tumor-forming activity. Among the gases in cigarette smoke are hydrogen cyanide, chemically related to the deadly potassium cyanide, and to carbon monoxide, an odorless substance emitted in the exhaust fumes of automobiles. Carbon monoxide is one of the noxious vapors now believed to be the most dangerous of the gases. It is present in cigarette smoke to something like 400 times the level considered safe in industry and reduces the capacity of blood cells to carry oxygen. Also, in 1975, scientists found evidence of radioactive particles in cigarette smoke, and studies suggest that these, rather than tar or nicotine, might be the main cause of lung cancer.

For more than 50 years, the tobacco industry sold this composite of poisons with only the slightest bit of interference from the authorities, but eventually, as 77 million workdays were lost and 360,000 deaths were reported due to smoking-related illnesses each year, the problem became too big for any responsible government to ignore. Finally, in 1964, after painstaking research on the subject, the U. S. Surgeon General's Advisory Committee on Smoking and Health released a historic report linking

smoking with the spiraling death rate from cancer and heart disease. Unlike previous reports, this one spelled it all out, for anybody who wanted to see it—it was also excerpted in almost every newspaper and magazine in the country. Needless to say, the tobacco industry tried hard to kill the report or soften its findings, but for once their manipulative efforts failed.

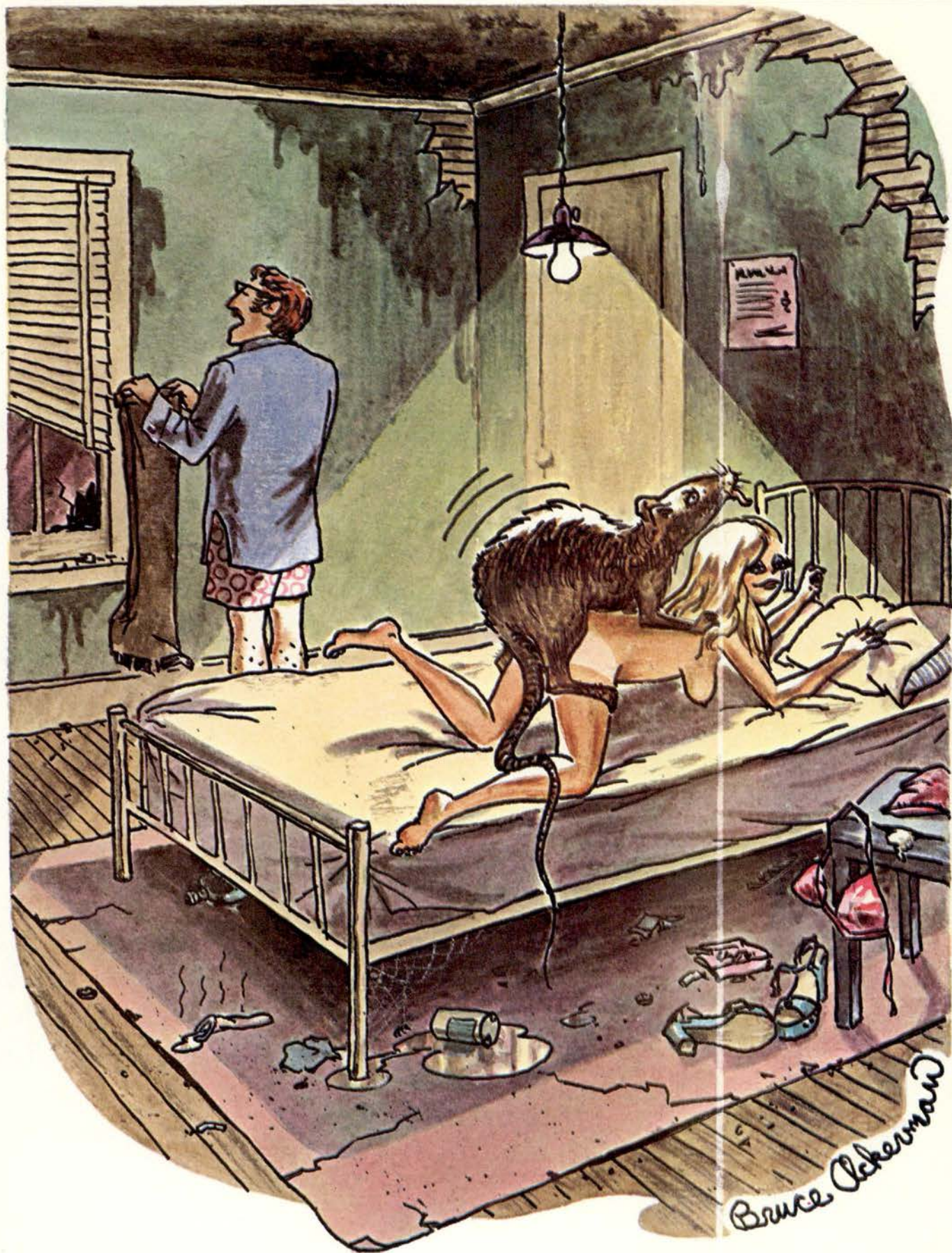
The effect on the nation's smokers was severe. Some people managed to ignore it entirely, but thousands of others were shocked enough to stop smoking. Art Buchwald remarked that, after years of ostracism by cigarette smokers, he was finally glad to admit that he smoked cigars.

For the next few years, cigarette sales slumped badly. Some people suggested that tobacco should be outlawed, but nobody with any brains took the idea seriously—they remembered how impossible it had been to enforce prohibition of alcohol during the '20s and early '30s (and how equally hard it was to prevent marijuana smuggling in their own time). Anyway, with the tobacco lobby working overtime, such a bill wouldn't have a chance. Finally, a tepid bill was passed by Congress in 1965, forcing the companies to print the following warning on each pack of cigarettes: "Caution: Cigarette smoking may be hazardous to your health." (It was changed in 1970 to: "Warning: The Surgeon General has determined that cigarette smoking is hazardous to your health.")

Of course, the cigarette companies did not sit back and calmly accept all this. Almost out of nowhere, two scientific articles appeared, one in *True* magazine (January 1968) and another in the *National Enquirer* (March 1968), purporting to show that cigarette smoking wasn't bad for you at all—in fact, that it was much safer over the long run than walking across the street, or trying to fix a faulty electrical appliance. The articles were reprinted in several other magazines, and Xerox copies, under *True* magazine letterhead, were mailed to 500,000 private citizens.

An F.T.C. investigation revealed that the *True* letterhead was mailed out by the Tobacco Institute. The author of the article, Stanley Frank, was no scientist. He had previously done some articles on sports and other topics for *True*. The editor of *True* got together with a public relations executive hired by a tobacco company to think about doing an article from the industry's point of view. Frank got the assignment and was paid a retainer. The Tobacco Institute, which hires lobbyists and does public relations work for the tobacco industry, bought ads that promoted the articles and had sent out the reprints.

(continued on page 94)



"I'll never understand what you see in these sleazy hotels."

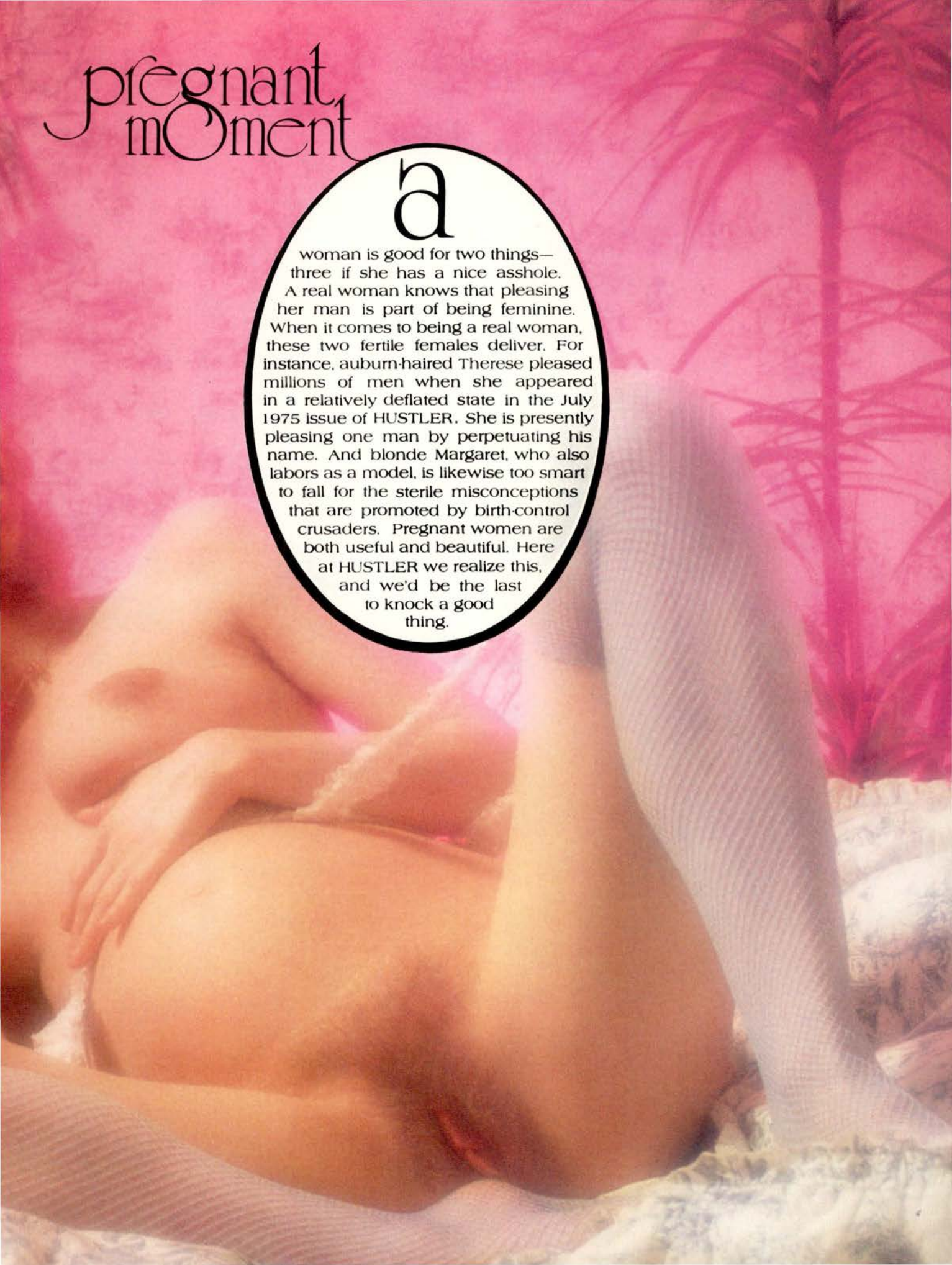


Photographed by Hal McQueeney

pregnant moment

a

woman is good for two things—
three if she has a nice asshole.
A real woman knows that pleasing
her man is part of being feminine.
When it comes to being a real woman,
these two fertile females deliver. For
instance, auburn-haired Therese pleased
millions of men when she appeared
in a relatively deflated state in the July
1975 issue of HUSTLER. She is presently
pleasing one man by perpetuating his
name. And blonde Margaret, who also
labors as a model, is likewise too smart
to fall for the sterile misconceptions
that are promoted by birth-control
crusaders. Pregnant women are
both useful and beautiful. Here
at HUSTLER we realize this,
and we'd be the last
to knock a good
thing.











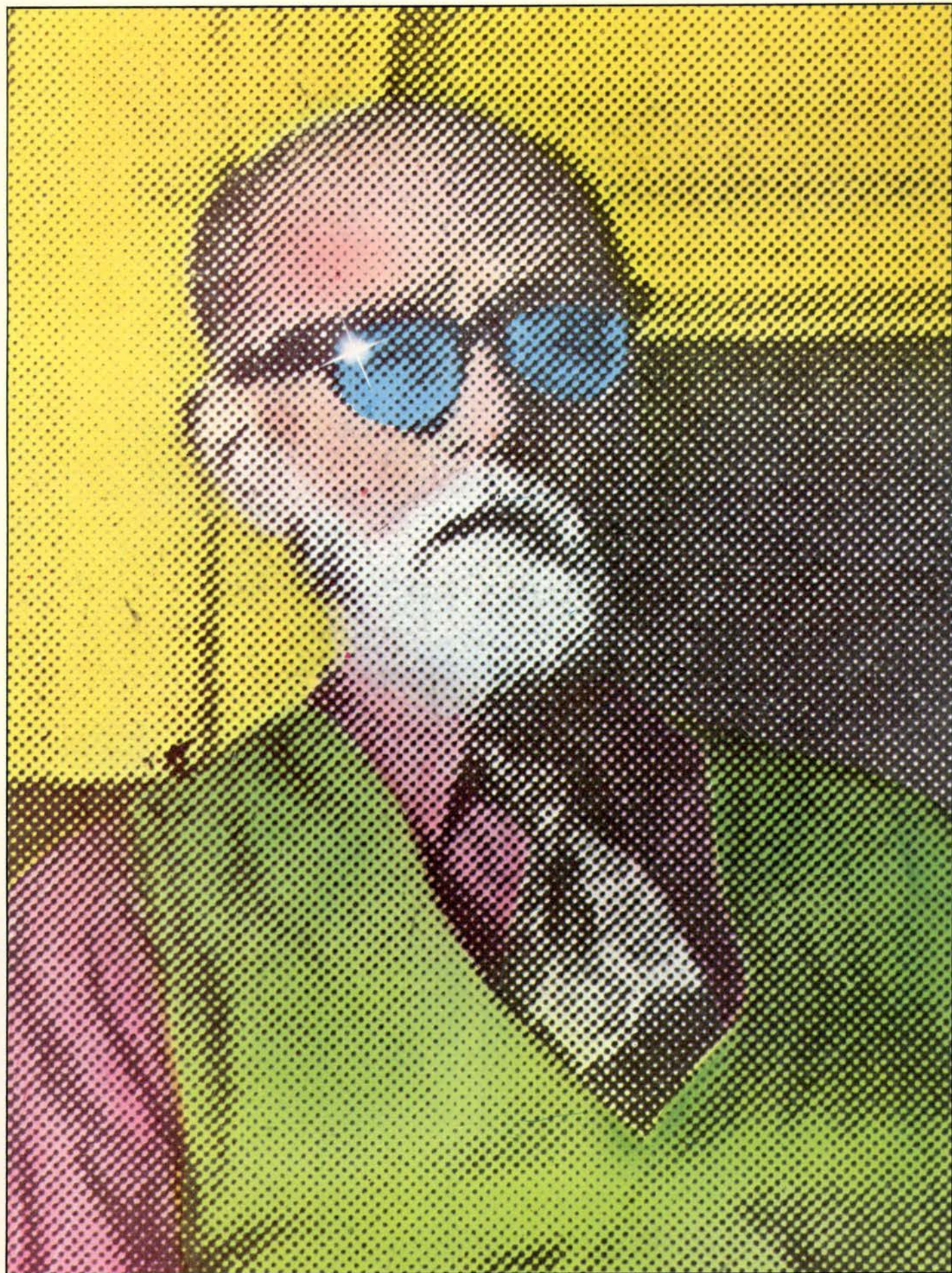
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Sam Roth

THE MAN WHO PAVED THE WAY

If Sam Roth's writing has failed to earn him a place in history, it may be just as well. The glory earned by being among the first to write about people as they are—sexual beings—belongs to the Hemingways, the James Joyces. Sam Roth could never seem to make his characters come alive on paper, but he cleared the way for whole generations of writers who could.

Roth was a publisher unlike the others of his time. He was frankly devoted to erotic literature and could never understand what business it was of the government's to regulate what he read and published. He went to prison time and time again because he challenged censorship whenever he encountered it. In his lifetime he was reviled as a pervert, a smut peddler.

Today, at a time when a new crop of Neanderthals is doing its best to destroy the First Amendment freedoms Sam Roth fought so hard for, we are only beginning to realize how much we owe him.

Profile by Bill Ryan and Leslie Horvitz

The Supreme Court's long-awaited obscenity decision was read from the bench on a June morning in 1957. Writing for the majority, Justice Brennan outlined what were to be the future standards by which "obscenity" would be measured. An obscene book was one that appealed to "prurient interests." An obscene book was without what Brennan called "socially redeeming value." The opinions of the majority of the court had overridden those of Justices Douglas and Black.

Any form of censorship was appalling to these two dissenting justices. What suppresses a cheap tract today can suppress a literary gem tomorrow, they said. It was a particularly ironic remark. Sam Roth, the defendant in the government's obscenity case, had been responsible for more than his share of cheap tracts—and several literary gems, too.

Roth v. United States was something more than just a legal contest for those involved: It was a battle in which Roth's way of life was at stake. Sam had been fighting the U. S. Government for decades.

Sam Roth was a complicated man. Denounced as a plagiarist, a Nazi propagandist, a pornographer and a Communist, there were those who knew him to be a literate and cultured gentleman, a very remarkable man, really, a pioneer. But his friends agreed on one aspect of Sam: He was a creature of many moods.

A tall, meticulously dressed man, he affected bow ties and natty suits that made him look heavier and broader than he actually was. He had an intellectual look about him. His high forehead culminated in an expanse of bald pate, and his deep, myopic eyes sparkled behind thick-rimmed glasses.

Picture Sam as he would probably want to be remembered: a brilliant, scatter-brained, minor poet with bad breath, seated in his disorderly den, surrounded by a clutter of books, clippings, unopened mail, buried manuscripts, unsigned checks and dust, lots of dust. He is reading a submission that has just arrived at his New York City office on Lafayette Street. He is tired and even a bit bored at such times. He is inclined to sing old Hebraic melodies to himself. He has a large collection of Hebraic recordings; perhaps in another life he would have liked to have become a cantor. He glances up at the clock. Time is gaining on him. If not time, then the federal government, or the state government. It's always some goddamn government. His heart isn't very good. It never was. When he was a boy, people said that he wasn't going to live for very long. There are some

people—that son-of-a-bitch syndicated scandalmonger Walter Winchell, for one—who wished that he hadn't. But despite all the shit that he's taken, all the harassment, imprisonments, court cases, police raids, book bannings, despite Walter Winchell and his unrelenting Red-baiting tirades over the air, Roth has survived. Maybe he hasn't triumphed, but he has survived. His heart continues to pump almost in defiance. He thinks: Maybe I'll outlast them all, all my



Roth was the first American to publish quality erotic literature—and to go to jail for it.

N. Y. Daily News Photo

enemies. It won't be easy. There are plenty of enemies to outlast. Plenty.

Again he picks up the manuscript, a story by someone named Leon Howard Lewis, and resumes his reading:

"The gingham dress she wore did not altogether succeed in hiding the exciting thrust of her breasts nor the rich promise of her hips. Her skin was perfect without makeup. Her teeth were even and strong and white. Her eyes were large and blue."

All right, Sam considers, it isn't great literature, but then it isn't *supposed* to be great literature. Still it will work for his little magazine, *Good Times* ("A Revue of the World of Pleasure"). It was a journal littered with vaguely salacious cartoons, some out-of-focus nudes, a collection of very short stories, translations and features like the "Mexican Letter," which begins: "Nudity is the chief preoccupation of Mexican films these days." Then, too, there are innu-

merable advertisements for sex manuals such as the one for "Research in Marriage": "Using his prerogative as doctor, the author asked the men questions their own wives wouldn't dare ask them, and the women questions even a mother asks with fear and trembling."

No one was paid extravagantly for writing for Roth, but they were paid—usually no more than 50 bucks a shot. The process of payment often took some time because Sam was notorious for mislaying manuscripts. Of course, there were always problems cropping up to steal his attention; lawyers' fees kept him on shaky financial ground.

It's not that Sam necessarily wanted to become an outlaw, it just sort of happened. Maybe it was destiny, maybe it was in his genes. In any case, it happened to Sam as it had happened to his father.

It was in the tiny village of Nustscha in what is now Poland that Sam Roth was born on November 17, 1894. He was born into a world that was not eager to welcome any more Roths—it being the family tradition to buck the authorities. In this instance, the authorities were Germans who had come into control of Nustscha. One day his father pitched one of the local soldiers into a nearby river during an argument, an act that was to mark Roth senior an outlaw and a renegade. Compelled to flee, he made his way to America and settled in New York. In 1904 he sent for his wife and children.

The Lower East Side, where the Roths took up residence, may have been better than Nustscha, but it was no paradise. The most important lesson to be learned from this crowded and pestilent place, with its pushcarts, poverty and foreign tongues, was survival. It was a lesson that Sam learned well.

Just before Sam enrolled at Columbia University in 1916, a grim doctor pronounced a death sentence on the young man, giving him not more than one or two years to live. There was no question that the ravages of poverty and a deficient diet had taken their toll on him, whittling his slender bone rack of a body until it seemed that one big gust of wind might finish him off.

Enter Pauline Alter. "M.W."—*Magnificent Woman*, Sam called her, and she truly was, for she can be credited with keeping him alive some 60 years after Sam had been doomed to an early grave. Pauline and Sam met during his first year at Columbia. They were married shortly thereafter and stayed together until his death. All the photos taken of the couple show Sam gazing yearningly at his wife, looking very much like a shy lover. Hardly the sort of look you'd expect from America's number-one pornographer.

Pauline remembers Sam from those days

as "the poet with patched pants"—patched pants that he concealed by wearing his father's long black coat. He wore the coat during the sweltering dog days of summer just as he did in winter, in an attempt to remove the embarrassment of his poverty.

Even then he was bespectacled, with a mat of fierce black hair contrasting with his fair skin and a mustache that emphasized the firm line of his jaw. He played the role of an obscure poet wonderfully, even talked like a poet, soft-spoken, precise, his language rich with images and allusions, a Yiddish-Polish accent edging his voice.

Roth was a diabetic and never drank any liquor or smoked a cigarette without becoming sick. According to Pauline, his only addiction was literature. He might have been better off if he had smoked or drank because literature was very nearly a fatal addiction.

Given the evidence, it seems that Sam made little or no distinction between literature and erotic writing. When possible, he tried to find authors to combine the two. In that sense, he was a real innovator, packaging high-class writing with sex and scandal. This formula has been used by several publishers since, with varying degrees of success, but one must regard Sam as a leader in the field.

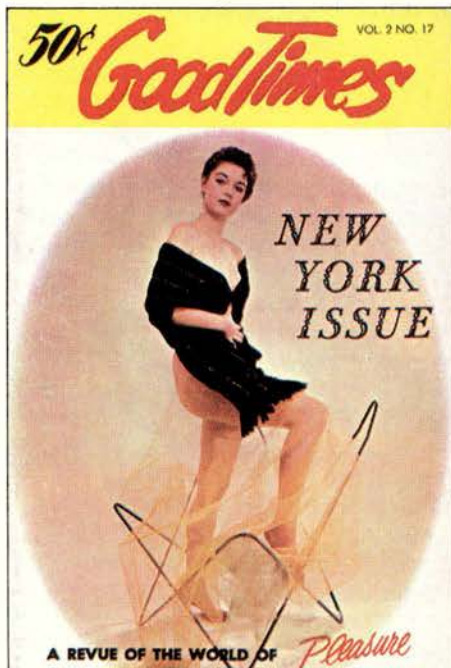
His first sales of "pornography" were made out of a hole-in-the-wall he called Poetry Bookshop, located, inevitably, in Greenwich Village. Frequented by such luminaries as the Gershwins (the composer and his lyricist brother), the poet Edwin Arlington Robinson and the aging raconteur and writer, Frank Harris, the shop still failed to survive. Evidently they came to talk and browse, not to buy.

Undaunted, Sam decided to try his fortune in Europe. By 1920 he was known as a critic and outspoken advocate of a Zionist state in Palestine. Moreover, he enjoyed a reputation as a poet. A minor poet maybe, but a poet nonetheless. His career in London was brief. He was like someone who has been invited for cocktails and then leaves when he realizes he hasn't been invited for dinner. He saw the literati, wrote some reviews for British and American publications and had a good time, but nothing much came of it.

On returning to New York, he opened a place called the English Institute, where he taught semiliterates and foreigners his own adopted tongue. Revenues from the institute helped him start his magazines, the first of which was *Two Worlds* ("A Literary Quarterly Devoted to the Increase of the Gaiety of Nations"). It first appeared in September of 1925. Within a year, he started another, called *Two Worlds Monthly*. Whatever success it enjoyed, it owed

mostly to passages like this one:

"...I suppose that's what a woman is supposed to be there for or He wouldn't have made us the way He did so attractive to men then if he wants to kiss my bottom I'll drag open my drawers and bulge it right out in his face as large as life he can stick his tongue 7 miles up my hole as he's there my brown part then I'll tell him I want 1 or perhaps 30/—I'll tell him I want to buy underclothes then if he gives me that well he



Tame erotica like this earned Roth a 26-count federal indictment—and a landmark Supreme Court decision.

won't be too bad I don't want to soak it all out of him like other women do...."

That passage is from James Joyce's monumental novel *Ulysses*, a work that was banned in the United States until 1933 because it had been considered obscene. The only way Americans could get to read it—or parts of it anyway—was by subscribing to *Two Worlds Monthly*.

Joyce and his literary agent, the poet Ezra Pound, were outraged; not only was Roth pirating the novel, they claimed, but he was butchering it besides. Roth insisted that he'd paid Joyce, more, in fact, than anyone else had at the time. He was convinced that Joyce was reneging on an agreement they had. But after 12 installments of *Ulysses* a court injunction was obtained, and no further excerpts were allowed to be published. Pauline still refers to Joyce as a "pouting ingrate." But without that "pouting ingrate's" writing, *Two Worlds Monthly* lost its

most salable item and quickly folded.

During all this, John S. Sumner of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice was carefully noting Roth's activities with the patience and hunger—and perhaps the temperament—of a vulture. Although Sumner could do nothing about the controlled subscription magazines, he did cast a vigilant eye on Roth's next offering—*Beau* ("The Men's Magazine"), a forerunner of *Esquire*. But before Sumner could act decisively, *Beau* expired, its death hastened by financial woes after seven issues.

"Sam was capable of producing fabulous literary products from nothing—no capital," Pauline has said. But even Houdini himself can't keep doing this forever. Finally Sam was broke. Without the money for rent, he was forced to move out of his Fifth Avenue offices. He went downtown and did what he always did whenever he ran out of bread or was released from prison—started a new business.

This time it was "The Book Auction," and it was located on 12th Street in the Village. Sumner evidently saw his opportunity. At last he could bust Sam. It didn't matter how he had to do it. If necessary, he'd frame Roth, and that is exactly what he did, sending his flunky down to Sam's new headquarters with a sheaf of lewd drawings in the hope that Sam would put them up for auction. Not surprisingly, Sumner had no taste—even when it came to something like lewd drawings—and Sam dumped the lot of them into a bin labeled "Not for Sale."

Undeterred, Sumner, accompanied by the police, raided The Book Auction the next day, retrieved the dirty pictures and arrested Sam and Pauline.

Having no great civil libertarian to defend him—William Kunstler and Herald Fehring weren't practicing then—Sam was obliged to spend three months behind bars on Welfare Island in 1928. The experience wasn't what you'd call chastening. Soon he was back printing and selling his books from a series of dank rooms on lower Fifth Avenue. The imprint on these books was The Golden Hind Press.

The morning of October 4, 1929, a small battalion of cops launched an assault on The Golden Hind Press. This time they netted Sam, his brother Max and a good 3000 books. Among the books was D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, which was banned by customs for such graphic sex scenes as this:

"She gave a shriek and straightened herself, and the heap of her soft chill flesh came against his body. He pressed it all up against him, madly, the heap of soft, chilled female flesh that became quickly warm as a flame in contact. The rain streamed on them until they smoked. He gathered her

lovely, heavy posteriors in each hand and pressed them in towards him in a frenzy.... Then suddenly he tipped her and fell with her on the path. In the roaring silence of the rain, he took her, short and sharp and finished, like an animal."

Lawrence's book had been privately published in Florence, Italy, and with that uncanny ability Sam had for pirating, a copy of *Lady Chatterley* appeared—illegally—in America.

The result of printing *Lady Chatterley* was an enforced vacation on Welfare Island for a couple of months in 1930. As soon as Sam was allowed his freedom it was immediately taken away. At the prison gates he was greeted by a detective from Philadelphia, where Sam was wanted for selling copies of the book *Ulysses*. The hapless Roth ended up serving an additional two-month stretch in Philadelphia's Moyamensing Prison. After his release, he went right back to printing and pirating pornography.

All this commuting in and out of prison brought Sam into contact with Bill Paro, a convict who was willing to collaborate with Sam on his next enterprise, even to lend his name—slightly altered—to it. William Faro, Inc., it was called; Roth decided to stake what was left of his depleted fortune on the new venture.

Between 1930 and 1932, Paro and Roth

published "Modern Amatory Classics," a series of books that was more likely to be discovered under the counter than on top of it. The first of the "classics" was another edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Then, as if that were not enough, they published a companion piece entitled *Lady Chatterley's Husbands*. Obviously Sam bore the notorious *Lady* no ill will for having put him behind bars.

The author of the improbable *Husbands* was a clever hack named Anton Gud. Like many of Roth's other authors, Gud seemed to appreciate the publisher, regarding him as a kind of wacky and eccentric father figure. Gud recalls "... walking with him and noting his barely imperceptible swagger, the movement of his ever-present cane. [He told me to acquire a cane when I was a little older. It would transform my personality he said. I never did.] In my mind's eye he was debonair, worldly...."

Sam couldn't stay still for long. He moved his offices continually, uptown, downtown, it didn't matter so long as he kept up the momentum.

Sam's mind was always active; ideas careened back and forth in it like pinballs.

Legend has it that Sam used to meet actress Mae West in hotel lobbies and dictate entire scenarios to her off the top of his head, while behind one of the columns a

stenographer sat frantically taking all of it down. Some of Sam's admirers claim that he provided the inspiration for a Mae West play script—*The Naked Woman*—and the classic *Diamond Lil*. Though Sam never took any credit for either of them—and certainly Mae West never gave any—it is possible that the story is true.

After all, with Sam, anything was possible, but one thing was certain: He wouldn't allow a year to pass without getting into some kind of trouble with the authorities. When he started out, he was content with just taking on the local government and people like Sumner. Then he decided to try for a bigger catch. Why not go all the way? Right to the nation's capital. Try for the jugular: 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

So he undertook to publish a book called *The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover, Under Two Flags*, by John Hamill. History remembers Hoover as the president who found himself helpless against the impact of the Great Depression; history, however, doesn't have much to say about Hoover's personal life. But John Hamill did. He accused the president of being a thief and an opportunistic murderer. After the book had gone through several printings, Hoover finally managed to obtain a court order to have it suppressed. Years later, John Hamill would say that he regretted writing the smear, but he did not deny the veracity of his accusations.

Sam Roth was a difficult man to ignore. In January 1932, columnist Dorothy Parker, writing under the pen name "RMC," satirized Roth in the pages of *The New Yorker*. No one knew what else to do with Roth; you either satirized him or prosecuted him. In June 1932, after Parker's piece appeared, Sam received word that he was being considered for a position on the "We Nominate for Oblivion" page of *Vanity Fair*, a society journal of the time. Moreover, Sam was told that his photograph would occupy a spot on the page cheek by jowl with Hitler's. (What the *Fuehrer* thought of Roth's nomination is not known.) Sam refused to allow his photograph to appear unless he could kiss the editor, Clare Boothe Brokaw (later Clare Boothe Luce), a very elegant and powerful woman. Clare Brokaw made it known that she would rather not have to endure a kiss from Sam. Another distaff editor volunteered in her place, and Sam's photo appeared.

Oblivion was no joke for Sam. It began to seem like the real thing. Threatened (again) with financial failure, he started another publishing house—Nesor Publishing Company—and reissued the Faro expurgation of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

Maybe he should have contented himself
(continued on page 92)



"Up, down! Up, down! Squeeze, moan, up, down...."



"Thanks, Eddie! I'll press it in my scrapbook!"

annie: fly me





a

nnie is studying to be a commercial pilot. She'd like her passengers to be thin, dark-haired men when her dancer's legs straddle the stick on some adventurous flight. "I like men who are willing to experiment," and we bet that includes learning to do a flying 69 rather than a figure eight.

A girl who likes swimming, fishing, hunting and snorkeling, this 22-year-old fox from West Palm Beach isn't the kind of girl who is just going to lie back until the right man comes along. She's ready to take aim and gun down her prey and then envelop him in red-hot passion. "I love to have men with my mouth," she says, and she expects the favor to be returned. But Annie deserves more than lip service for the flights of fancy she sends men on. Her instructor should be eager to teach her a proper three-point landing.



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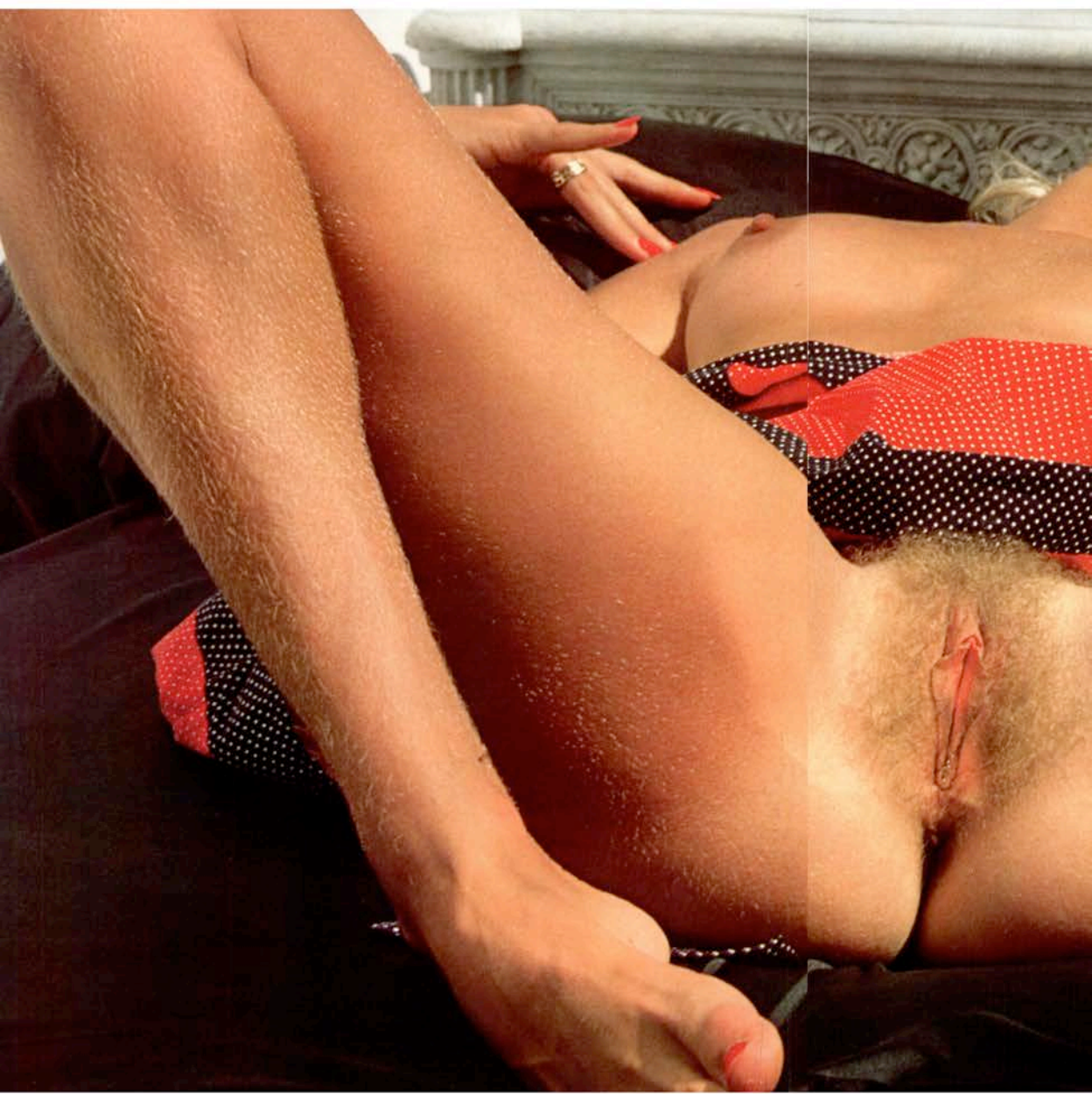
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HUSTLER'S HONEY • FEBRUARY 1977









CHESTER THE MOLESTER



A man walked into a crowded doctor's office. As he approached the desk, the receptionist asked him, "Yes, sir, may we help you?"

"There's something wrong with my dick," he replied.

The receptionist became aggravated and said, "You shouldn't come into a crowded office and say things like that."

"Why not? You asked me what was wrong and I told you," he said.

"We do not use language like that here," she said.

"Please go outside and come back in and say that there's something wrong with your ear or whatever."

The man walked out, waited several minutes and reentered. The receptionist smiled smugly and asked, "Yes?"

"There's something wrong with my ear," he stated.

The receptionist nodded approvingly. "And what is wrong with your ear, sir?"

"I can't piss out of it," the man replied.

Do you know how to fuck a fat woman's cunt instead of her wrinkles? Just have her piss and follow it upstream.

Tired of the boring "straights" she'd been laying, a chick decided she'd find out if bikers were really the heavy "cocksman" that she heard they were. So she picked up a gigantic bro and went with him to his pad. Stripped and ready, anxiously awaiting some real action, she was astonished to see that his fully erect crank was only two inches long.

"Who," she demanded scornfully, "do you think you're gonna satisfy with that?"

Grinning confidently, the bro replied, "Me!"

Two morticians were having difficulty closing the casket lid on a man who had died with a large hard-on. First they tried tying his cock down to his leg, but the leg just sprang up in the air. Then they tied it to both legs, but they, too, sprang up. As a last resort they tried anchoring it to his arms, but the body bounced up into a sitting position. Disgusted, the undertakers called the dead man's wife and told her about the problem and asked her for advice. She told them to cut her husband's cock off and stick it up his ass. So they did. The next day she came to look at her dearly departed husband and noticed that he had tears in his eyes. Smiling, she said, "See, you son of a bitch. I told you it hurt!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Organized Religion* as: dogma shit.

A man had died and his widow went to the funeral parlor to make the burial arrangements.

"We've taken care of everything," said the mortician.

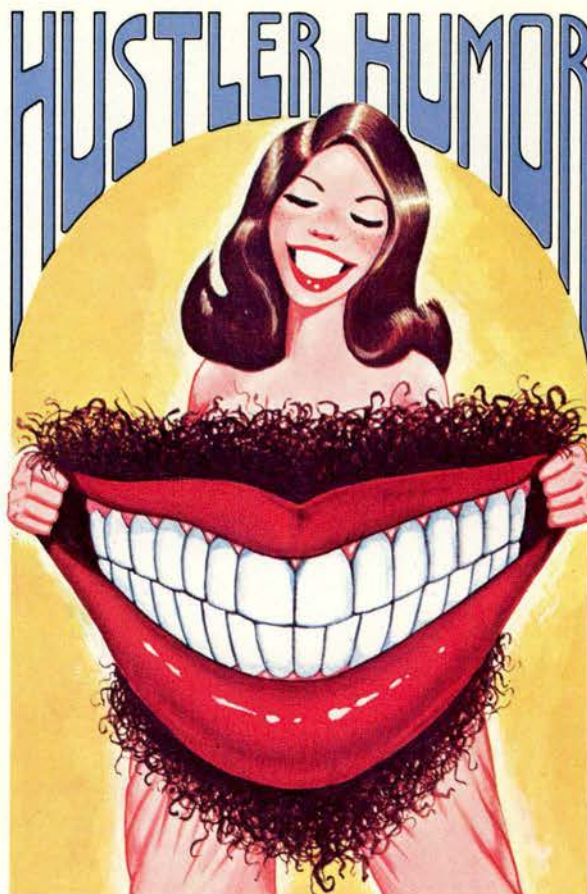
"But there's something in your instructions that I don't understand."

"What's that?" the widow queried.

"Why do you want your husband buried face down with his bare ass sticking up out of the ground?"

The widow replied, "So that when I come to visit his grave, I'll have a place to park my bicycle."

Renee Richards is quite a phenomenon. She's the only tennis player in the world who can play tennis even after losing her balls.



The common symptoms of swine flu are: High fever, upset stomach, occasional cramps and an irresistible urge to fuck in the mud.

A multimillionaire desperately wanted to marry off his stupid, ugly daughter. In exchange for wedlock, the bridegroom would inherit everything he owned. In due time, a young, money-hungry man answered the millionaire's prayer and settled down with his bride in a new home. One day, he decided to hang a portrait of his father-in-law and yelled at his wife, "Hey, stupid, get me a hammer!" She replied, "Duh, get a hammer! Get a hammer!" Then he asked her to get some nails. She dribbled, "Duh, get some nails, get some nails." When all his tools were gathered, he started to pound the nails and hit his thumb with the hammer. "Oh, fuck!" he yelled. As the bride ran from the room she said, "Duh, get a bag! Get a bag!"

How do you kill an Armenian? Sneak up on him while he's getting a drink of water, then slam the toilet seat on his head.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines a *Beaver* as: a fur-bearing animal that sits on your face and eats your tongue.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. If your joke is selected, we will send you a check for \$25. Sorry, no returns.




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A photograph of a woman lying on her side on a striped couch. She is wearing a dark, long-sleeved top and dark pants. Her legs are bent and raised, with her feet pointing towards the camera. The background is a textured, brownish wall.

ANTIQUE EROTICA

Article by Michael Toohey

I was 11 years old when I saw my first pussy photo—and as a matter of fact, my very first pussy. It was the triangular black muff of the Mexican woman who adorned the five of diamonds from a deck of Tijuana playing cards (the rest of the cards were in the possession of 51 of my schoolmates, who, like myself, had bought them for 25¢ apiece from a sixth-grade smut peddler). I called the woman Chiquita, and I fell in love with her. Although her South-of-the-border bush was so thick her cunt lips were completely concealed, I could easily imagine myself hacking my way through her pubes—with a machete, if necessary—to reach her spicy split.

"Fuck me! Fuck me, joo beeg strong gringo!" she panted in my ear every time I took her into the bathroom with me—which was often twice a day. There, I would imagine myself burying my banana in Chiquita's sweet hole while she cooed, "Ahhh, que macho!" and screwed me to the sound of maracas only we could hear. What a letdown when I'd finally come and my Mexican spitfire's cunt would return to its Dr. Jekyll form—my hand.

Then I'd stuff Chiquita back into my pocket and begin the cleanup, wiping jizz from the hot and cold faucets, from the perfume bottles on the sink and from my father's false teeth. Afterward I would check to make sure that I had gotten it all; then I would double-check, remembering the time that my mother had confronted me with a towel that had been hit dead center by an overlooked wad of my joy juice: "Michael, is this yours?"



(Preceding page and above) French postcards, circa 1910. (Right) Could Mary Lincoln have inspired this Civil War era daguerreotype? (Below left) Cabinet photo from the 1880s. (Below right) One of the leg-spread photos that were popular in the U. S. after World War I.



Caught! My heart pounded as I tried in vain to think of an excuse.

"Honestly," she said. "Do you think this mess belongs on my good towels?"

I could almost hear the muffled cries from deep within my pocket, "Eet belongs een my poosey."

"Never," my mother continued, "never blow your nose on the towels again."

Chiquita and I remained lovers until the time I forgot to remove her from the pocket of my soiled shirt, and she was destroyed in the washing machine. For several months afterward I was forced to stoke the fire in my loins with "National Geographic" photos of busty New Guinea savages. In time, however, I created my own beaver photograph by superimposing a cunningly trimmed cutout from a toupee ad over a model in a flesh-colored bikini. The prostate is the mother of invention.

I don't think it's an exaggeration to say that every man since the dawn of time has had a "Chiquita" in his life. Ever since prehistoric man stopped drawing saber-toothed tigers and woolly mammoths on his cave walls and began creating "fertility" artworks of various types, visual erotic stimuli have played an important part in human sexual arousal. Indeed, nearly every ancient civilization had some type of erotic art.

We call it "art" in retrospect, but the truth is that most primitive whack-off material was originally intended to be just that—whack-off material. Sculptured images of fertility deities with huge, hard cocks were not always meant to be merely admired or worshipped but to be used as dildoes.

It was not until the Renaissance that artists began to fill canvases with heavy-set nudes that were intended for popular display, mostly on the bedroom walls of wealthy patrons. Although these bloated beauties were unclothed, most were shown in "tasteful" poses and settings, and the paintings often involved classical themes, like Leonardo da Vinci's "Leda and the Swan." Because of the enormous amount of time required to produce a detailed painting, it hardly seems fair to call a masterpiece like "Leda" a forerunner of today's porn. But it was, in the sense that it served to arouse viewers. More blatant sexual art did exist at the time, but like da Vinci's clinical drawing "Study of Copulation," what little there was remained hidden away in drawers and notebooks.

If da Vinci had been able to earn extra money by cranking out "feelthy peectures"

with a Polaroid camera, he might have done just that. But the revolution in erotica that the camera brought about did not take place until the mid-1800s, when the daguerreotype made true reproduction of images upon a chemically treated copper plate a relatively easy process. The first daguerreotype depicted a still life, but it was only a matter of a few years before spread-legged human forms began to appear on the scene.

The Victorian era was already in full swing by the time the first erotic photographs poked out their cum-stained heads. This era, during which chicken breasts were called "bosoms" and piano legs were clothed in crinolines, was a time when erotica thrived and grew in popularity precisely due to the atmosphere of suppression. The forbidden fruit had never before been so attractive.

For nearly a century before this, printed erotica had been causing a stir in England. And in the U.S., "Fanny Hill" was banned in our nation's first obscenity trial in 1821. However, when erotic photographs began to appear and placed naked women with soggy, gaping cunts before the eager eyes of American males, censors found they had another monster to deal with.

While Queen Victoria was thrusting her blue nose into the bedrooms of British subjects, America had its own sexual busybody in the person of Anthony Comstock. In the 1860s, Comstock mounted an all-out offensive against lust-laden entertainment that finally resulted in the passage of the Comstock Law in 1873. The act stipulated that it was henceforth illegal to send "obscene" materials through the mails. Comstock was designated special agent for the post office and in his first year claimed to have seized 200,000 obscene pictures and photographs and 5000 decks of pornographic playing cards, as well as numerous books and condoms. These enormous figures testify to the popularity of erotica in America during those stilted years.

Among the pictures on these pages are some that survived Comstock's reign of terror (which incidentally continues even today, as evidenced by the recent persecution of HUSTLER in Cleveland and Cincinnati). Not even the excuse that a photo or painting was a work of art could redeem it in Comstock's narrow viewpoint. He demanded that all figures in artworks be at least partially clothed—and preferably completely clothed.

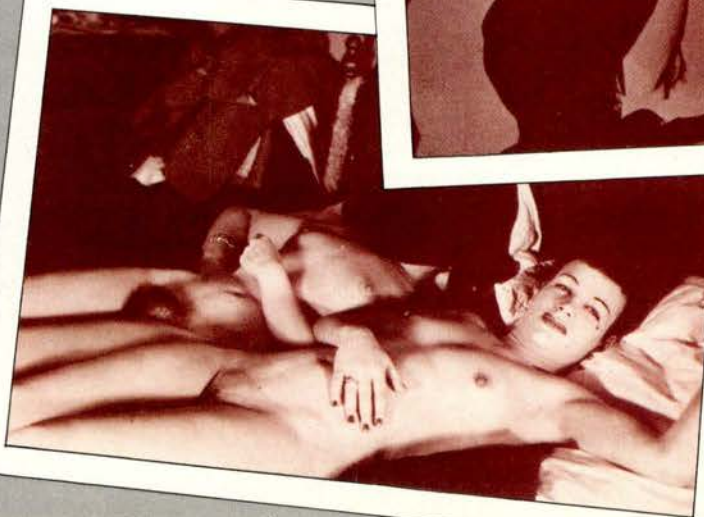
(continued on page 88)



(Above) The erotic playing cards pictured here were probably produced in Mexico during the 1930s.

(Right) This patriotic World War II tart sacrificed her panties so our boys could hit the silk with hard-ons.

(Below) Unabashed lady and an anonymous bed-mate, photographed during the 1940s. (The photos on these pages courtesy of Shel Fisher and the Herb Peck, Jr., collection.)



THE SWEETEST GIRL IN THE WORLD

FICTION BY M. V. CLAYTON

Gonna cel-e-brate tonight!" Eugene pushed his hair back. Then he straightened his tie, sat down on his suitcase and grinned at the passing cars. Thinking of sleeping with Margie for the first time made it hard to concentrate on hitchhiking. With only five miles left, after a long week of scrimping, planning and waiting and a longer morning of thumbing through the southern countryside, he allowed himself to imagine the perfect plan one last time: After the curtain call of the class play she had written, he would sweep her away to a feast of steak and beer, then, with the purloined key, they would sneak into the deserted house of her Europe-touring aunt. Then there would be a long, titillating dual strip and foreplay, followed by . . .

Eugene jumped up and went into his stance. As cars passed, he waved, laughed and held his thumb up nonchalantly. *Was she really a virgin? Should he? Would she?* He could see Margie in her dorm room, brushing her long blonde hair, looking out the window. He could see her excited face, with the quick hazel eyes, the sexiness she flaunted in tight sweaters, skirts and movements, the smooth nymphlike body he worshipped . . .

A hulking, scorched DeSoto was pulling over, stopping on the shoulder. "Ah, my carriage," he said, grabbing his suitcase and running to the car.

There were two people in the car: an old-to-middle-aged man driving and a long-haired young girl beside him. He seemed to recall the car as the one that had just passed going the other way while the man driving aimed a camera at him.

As he reached for the back-door handle, the man motioned to him.

"Up front here," the man yelled.

"I can sit in the back, sir," Eugene said. "I don't mind at all."

"You'll sit up here," the man said with a good-natured smile.





Eugene opened the front door and slid his suitcase over into the back seat. As he slipped into the front seat, he noticed that the girl was at least as young as he. She was attractive in a simple, comely way. She was wearing a plain cotton print dress, and her sandy hair fell in old-fashioned waves over her large breasts. Her thighs, knees, calves and complexion were smooth and pale. She smelled of cheap soap, musty closets and open fires. Eugene was instantly reminded of lush simplicity, something of Erskine Caldwell's southern country beauties with their naive sensuality and pent-up lust.

Eugene closed the door and tried not to crowd her. "Sorry to cause y'all trouble."

"No trouble," the man said. "It's our pleasure."

The man drove slowly. He was stout, grizzly, about 50, with short, gray-streaked hair and a deeply lined, tanned face that suggested to Eugene both the hard cunning of an old gambler and the soft benevolence of a wise father.

Eugene sank into the seat, regretting that it would be a short—and probably silent—ride. *Will never know why they seem so strange. Will never know if she has pent-up lust.*

"I bet you're a col-ledge boy," the man snorted.

Eugene blinked and nodded. "Well, yes, sir... I am."

"I could tell," the man chuckled. "And I bet you're going to the woman's col-ledge up here to see your gal."

"Well, yes, sir," he said, "I mean, a girl."

"Oh," the man said. "I knew it. I could tell. You're a *lover*."

Eugene blinked and fought back a blush. He squirmed closer to the door.

"Yessirree," the man said. "You're a *lover* all right."

"Well, no, sir," Eugene said. "I wouldn't say that exactly."

"Modesty," the man said, "will get you nowhere. And you can cut out this 'sir' business. I bet we all got names. Mine's Charles."

"Glad to meet you," Eugene said. "I'm Eugéné."

"Good," Charles replied. "This here is Nancy."

Eugene smiled and nodded at Nancy. Her soft, unrouged and pretty face was expressionless. She gazed straight ahead.

"Nancy here," Charles said, "is the *sweetest girl in the world*."

Eugene smiled awkwardly and glanced out of the window. Nancy looked blankly ahead. *Perhaps the proud father.*

"You don't believe me," Charles said.

"Oh, no, sir—I mean, no, Charles," he said. "I believe you."

"No you don't," Charles said. "You're just being polite."

"No, sir, Charles. If you say she is, I believe you."

Eugene smiled at Nancy, but she continued to stare straight ahead. Charles leaned over and nodded to her.

"She is," Charles said, "and you don't believe me. You're just tryin' to be nice. But it's the truth. Nancy is the *sweetest girl in the world*. Go on, Nancy. Show him you're the *sweetest girl in the world*."

Eugene chuckled. *This is peculiar*. He couldn't imagine what she could do to prove such a claim.

As she sat gazing inanimately out the window, he realized she had neither spoken nor moved since he got in. *Was she petrified with shyness, or about to dramatically break out into unbridled sweetness?*

She turned slowly and moved toward him. Her face, though expressionless, seemed soft and radiant. Her eyes were deep. His heart leaped. He blinked and moved closer to the door. Her shoulder leaned into his. Her large lilac lips covered his.

My God. His left eye stared into her huge brown eye. His heart pounded. She held the kiss. He sat stiffly, with his hands open in his lap. He felt her tongue. His eyes shut and sprang back open.

I hope this is what Charles had in mind.

Her lips slowly moved away. She turned her flushed face back to the front. Eugene looked at the road, too, and gulped deeply.

"Whaddid-I-tell you!" Charles roared. He slapped his knee. "The *sweet-est* girl in the world. Whoo-pee!"

Eugene swallowed the strain of a broad but confused smile.

"Now you believe me?" Charles asked.

"Yes, sir," Eugene said, grinning. "She is. She certainly is."

"Whooo-woo!" Charles said.

The car crept on. Nancy sat rigid. Charles grinned and Eugene blinked.

"Yeh, I'll tell you," Charles said. "I've known Nancy here for a *long* time now, and I *know* she's the *sweetest* girl in the world, and it's a *shame* for her to have to live the way she does." Eugene blinked. "She got messed up with the wrong guy, that's what. Her old man's doing time again, and, hell, he don't give a damn about her. He expects her to stay shut up like a dog." Eugene glanced at Nancy. She gazed blankly ahead.

"Hell," Charles went on. "She ain't but 17. Well, make that 18. Purty gal, too. Young, likes to have fun like any young gal. And no folks to speak of, just her grandma in Charlotte. See, I'm her neighbor, and I know it ain't right. They oughta hava annulment.

Until they do, I try to help her. I think a lot of her, and she oughta have her some fun sometimes."

Eugene blinked.

"You're young," Charles said, "and you know. Hell, it ain't natural being shut up and havin' no fun. I'm taking her up to see her granny so she can git out where nobody knows her and have some fun. You know how it is."

"Well," Eugene said. "I mean, sure. I guess."

"I knew you'd agree with me. Look at her. Purty as hell."

Eugene looked at her. Nancy was still acting the same way, staring straight ahead, expressionless. But pretty somehow. Yet, except for slightly flushed cheeks, she seemed lifeless. He couldn't imagine her having much fun with anyone, anywhere. *But then she's definitely got a streak of abandonment in her.*

Then he noticed it: a tiny twitch. Her cheek flinched. Several seconds later it happened again.

"I gotta stop at the doctor's office here," Charles said as they approached a string of stores. "Gotta fill my prescription."

Charles stopped in a parking area and got out. "Y'all two git good 'n' acquainted, why don'tcha?" he said. "Y'all both young."

He winked as he closed the door and walked away. Eugene blinked. Nancy twitched. Charles went into a liquor store.

Eugene thought about how to "get acquainted" and what to say to someone as strange as she. Taking a deep breath, he pulled out his cigarettes. What if she's a deaf mute?

"Would you like a cigarette?" he asked. His hand trembled.

She looked at the extended pack and said, with a quiver, "Oh, you smoke them kind." She took one. "That's the kind I like. Thanks."

Incredible, Eugene thought. He held his lighter firmly, his composure gaining.

"They're good cigarettes," he said.

Her hand was trembling. Her cigarette trembled. She inhaled deeply, held it and softly whistled it out. His composure waned. Nancy was not just nervous-shy, she was nervous-something else.

"A funny doctor's store," he said. He feigned a laugh.

"Yeh," she replied. She looked straight ahead and twitched.

"Look," he said. "Are you all right?"

"Yeh," she said.

"I mean," he said, "does he embarrass you when he talks like that?"

"No," she said softly.

"Is what he said true?"

"Yeh." Nancy flinched. "I'm going to Granny's."

Eugene tried to look away. He tried to think of something to make her relax. He wanted to find out what was going on. Then she looked at him, locked onto his eyes and asked, "Where you goin'?"

He glanced away. "Well, I'm going to the college."

Just as abruptly she looked away and down and asked, "You have to?"

Charles was coming toward the car.

"Well," he said. "I ought to."

She snuffed out the cigarette and became rigid again. The little twitch flashed across her face. Charles got in and shoved the brown bag into Nancy's lap. "Jest what the doctor ordered." He laughed loudly. "Do wonders for you, young or old."

He backed the car out, saying, "Sweet girl, ain't she?" Eugene smiled weakly and nodded. "Look, Eu-gene, how 'bout havin' a little medicine with us? You ain't in no hurry. Betcha could use a little. Whaddaya say?"

"Well..."

"Well, hell!" Charles said. "It'll sure make you well. Let's mosey over to a drive-in and get us a chaser. Fix you up like a buck."

"Well," Eugene said, looking at Nancy, "I'm sort of expected—"

"You'll git there, if that's where you're going," Charles winked again. "But havin' a little drink with us will git you there *primed*."

It seemed somehow wrong, but Eugene found himself nodding. They drove off the road into town and onto a bypass and went slowly, Charles talking about the virtues of bourbon, being young and having fun. Then they pulled into a drive-in restaurant and parked. A curb boy took Charles's order: two Pepsis and two cups. Nancy sat rigidly.

Charles took a half-dollar from his pocket and flipped it.

"Here's a prize, Eu-gene," he said. "Git it, and you can have it."

Swiftly and smoothly Charles slid the half-dollar under the hem of Nancy's dress. In God's name! Eugene thought, staring at the thighs showing below the hem and the tip of the coin. He looked up and snickered.

"Go on," Charles said. "Git it."

Eugene looked at Nancy. She was non-committal. He was excited. A silly dare, he thought. Better to appease. He delicately slid the coin out without touching her.

She shivered. He handed it to Charles and exhaled.

"Oh. That weren't hard enough for you, was it?"

Charles took the coin and quickly slid his hand all the way under Nancy's dress and withdrew it, coinless. "Now, see if you can git it."

Incredulous, Eugene looked at the bulge

halfway up her thigh and then at her passive face. My God! He shook his head and snickered.

"Go on. She don't mind. She likes it. Don't you, Nancy?"

She didn't answer or move. Astounded, Eugene reached under and took the coin, brushing her thigh and sliding his fingers out over her warm flesh. He felt an erection as he handed the coin to Charles. Nancy didn't move.

"Well, you don't want it unless you have to work for it, do you?"

Charles laughed. He reached under her dress and gave his wrist a flick. He raised his eyebrows: "Now, let's see you get that one!"

Eugene shook his head. "No, I think she'd better get *that* one."

"Oh, no!" Charles said. "She wants you to get it."

"Do you?" Eugene asked.

"Sure she does. Hurry up though. Here comes the boy."

Eugene felt ridiculous, aroused and capricious. Bending over, he reached up her dress and groped her thighs. They were warm and damp. His fingers tingled as they struck soft hair and the coin. No panties! In a brief, mischievous spasm, he toyed with both hair and coin, then jerked his hand out and

handed the half-dollar to Charles. He was sweating. Charles grinned. Nancy had the tiniest of smiles. Eugene covered his erection. My God!

Charles paid the boy and handed a drink to Nancy. "Give it to Eugene."

Eugene poured a little out in his cup. Charles put the other on the dash above a lenslike protrusion and smashed the brown bag down to wrench open the cap.

"Here, Nancy," he said. "Ladies first."

Eugene watched her take a full four-second swig, lower it calmly and hand it to Charles. My God! Eugene thought. She took a small sip of Pepsi. Charles did the same: a four-second swig and a short swig of Pepsi. The bottle came to Eugene. His erection had subsided. He smiled and put the bottle to his lips. He held it there for four seconds, taking only a two-second swig. Suppressing a cough, he handed it to Nancy and raised his cup of Pepsi to his mouth. He gulped and water rolled out of his eyes.

"Yessirree-bob-tail!" Charles laughed. "That's a drinkin'!"

Nancy took another long swig. Charles did the same. Eugene, burning, took a long swig of bourbon and a longer one of Pepsi. He almost stuck the bottle in Nancy's eye. She took it and did it again. Oh, my God! Eugene thought.

"That'll fix the ole fixer up," Charles roared. "Set you to buzzin'."



"...Now turn your head and cough...."

Charles took another big swig, and he laughed. Eugene started to say something but couldn't. He found the bottle in his hand.

"I wa dontthink I should take anymore, thanyoujustthesame."

"Ah, go on," Charles said. "You ain't had enough to oil the joints yet."

Eugene hesitated.

"Take another swig, Eu-gene. There's plenty there. You ain't even wet your whistle yet. Take another. I wanna talk to you."

"One more," Eugene said. He took a three-second swig that he thought was a one-second swig. He couldn't find his cup. Charles handed him a cigar. Eugene looked at it. My God, he thought. I'm getting drunk.

"That's nice," he said, taking the cigar. He stuck it in his mouth, and Charles stuck a flaming match under it.

"No," he said, "I'd rather just chew on it, thanks."

"Light it," Charles said. Eugene drew in strongly. The car seemed to rise and sink as Eugene looked down at the bottle in his hands.

"Here's looking at ye," he said. He took a gurgling guzzle, handed the bottle to Charles, said "oops" and gave it to Nancy. "My apologies are distended," he said. He bowed his head. Inhaling the cigar like a cigarette, he felt his lungs enflame. "My God," he said, "that's a strong cigar."

"Don't inhale the bugger," Charles said. "It'll make you puke."

"Well said," Eugene said. He puffed out on the cigar, watched the ash turn red—like passion, he thought—and took the bottle from Charles. "Either I'm drunk or this bottle's might-near empty."

"Ain't neither," Charles said. "There's still a goodun' in it."

"Then it's yourn, my lady," Eugene said, offering Nancy the bottle.

"Go on, take it," Charles said. "It ain't the last. I'm going to git us some more." He started the car and pulled out into the highway.

"Oh, not for me," Eugene said. "I can't. I hafta get to the col-ledge."

"OK," Charles said. "I have to talk to you."

He turned off the highway and drove down a sparsely housed road.

"Where we goin'?" Eugene said.

"Right here," Charles said, pulling into an empty parking lot of a church. He stopped and cut off the motor. "I want to tell you something and ask you something, but I'd rather we got out and did it 'cause it's about her, and she's a little shy, so let's git out."

Charles got out. Eugene got out and met Charles in front of the car. Charles put his hand on Eugene's shoulder. Eugene puffed on the cigar.

"You see," Charles said, "Nancy's real sweet, but she's lonely. Young, all cooped up like a dog. And y'all done took a shinin' to one 'nother. You know?"

Eugene smiled and hitched up his pants.

"Well, Charles, you see, I'm ex-pected. Back at the col-ledge. My girlfriend's expecting me."

"To-night!" Charles said. "Tonight! For God's sake, it's barely afternoon. The whole day's ahead of you. Y'all like each other; I can tell. Y'all could have some good fun before tonight. She's entitled to some fun, 'n' you are, too. Get it?" Eugene blinked. "When two young people like each other, they oughta get together. You know. Play around. Have fun."

Eugene thought about Henry Miller, wild youth, pent-up lust.

"You come on to Charlotte with us and git acquainted with Nancy. You can really git acquainted right in the car. Git what I mean?"

Charles shook Eugene's shoulder. Eugene was thinking of screwing Nancy in the front seat. But in his thoughts he saw Margie's arched eyebrows.

"Sounds invitin'," Eugene said. "But I hafta be at the col-ledge tonight."

"Look," Charles said. "You go with us. It ain't but a half-hour drive. You 'n' Nancy git nice 'n' acquainted, and if you still want to come back here, I'll bring you. I'm just droppin' Nancy off and takin' care of a little business, then I'm headin' back here." Charles patted Eugene's shoulder and started back around the car. "Now, let's git goin'," he said. "Just relax and have fun." He winked at Eugene. "Ah, she ain't gonna die not knowing."

"OK," Eugene said.

"OK," Charles said, getting in. "Let's go."

Eugene got in. Nancy looked stiff. God, he thought, I wish she would loosen up. They were back on the highway quickly, and within a few minutes they were parked in front of a liquor store. Charles went in. Eugene and Nancy sat silently; he trying desperately to think while she twitched.

Everything's all set," Charles said as he got in. He winked. "Now you two can git acquainted like y'all oughta."

They drove onto the highway, toward Charlotte. Charles glanced over at them. He laughed and handed Eugene the new bottle.

"Don't mind me," he said. "I'm just the chauffeur. Just forget I'm here. Have a drink. Relax. *Git ac-quainted.*"

Nancy looked straight ahead. Eugene squirmed. He toyed with the sealed cap of the bottle. He was uneasy, feeling he was expected to do something but not knowing what was appropriate.

"Come on now," Charles said, while Eugene opened the bottle and took a violent swig. "Atta boy," Charles laughed.

They all began taking swigs and passing



the bottle around again.

"Come on now," Charles said. "Y'all ain't got forever. You gonna be sorry you let all this time go by once you git acquainted."

You just don't do it this way, Eugene thought. And he stared ahead.

"Now there y'all are," Charles went on, "wantin' to git to know each other so bad, and neither will do what you both want the other to do."

Nancy squirmed slightly. Eugene tried to build up his courage. Charles turned off the main highway, muttering about a shortcut. Eugene felt new flashes of uncertainty. He wanted to get out. He took another wild swig of bourbon.

"She wants you, boy," Charles said. "Don't you know that?"

"Look," Eugene said. "This is an unusual situation."

"You done forgot how sweet she is, ain't you?" Charles said.

Eugene turned to Nancy and stared until she cut her eyes to him. He felt a rush of love, lust, longing. He moved toward her. Her face turned to him. He kissed her. By all standards it didn't seem right, but it was happening. He kissed her wildly, pressing. He felt her freeze melting. She pressed back, but her arms stayed limp in her lap. He realized her response was actually minimal. He broke away and sat back.

"Gittin' ac-quainted!" Charles shouted. "Yessirree!"

Staring at the blurred countryside, Eugene thought: The old man's perverse. She's weird and I'm drunk. But maybe he knows her needs and she knows her needs but she's shy and he just likes to see people happy. Maybe she likes to be passive. To be taken. Then, by God, I'll take her!

He almost jumped her. She grabbed him. He kissed her wildly and groped. No bra. She held his shoulders. He could feel her desire but not see it. She was like an old dream: the luscious, yielding nymph.

She was almost under him, and he was kissing her, thinking "sweetness," feeling her soft skin, her big breasts under thin cotton. He became systematic, caressing her back, neck and breasts. She yielded completely.

Her hair and skin smelled of cheap soap. Her dress had a sweet, freshly ironed musk. He imagined her toiling alone in her home and looking out her window, touching herself. He wanted to draw the dreariness out of her, smother her loneliness. He unbuttoned her dress. He put his hand in and found her round breast and the taut nipple. He kissed her neck, her breast in his hand. It seemed incredibly beautiful, white, ruddy, pink, purple. He kissed and sucked it, and she made her first wee sounds of pleasure. His free hand went under her dress, up her thighs, stroking. She slid

lower, and his leg eased over hers. She made a tiny but encouraging guttural sound as he touched her pubic hair. He groaned. He kissed her, pressing his chest to her, caressing her moist crotch. Her fingers fumbled with his zipper, and her hand slipped inside his fly. He groaned as she pulled his tumid penis out and bent her head to his lap. Her wet, soft lips went down over it. He contorted. He closed his eyes and leaned back, stroking her.

You see that?" Charles asked. Eugene's eyes flipped open. Nancy's head was still dipping in his lap. "That up there," Charles said, pointing to a barely visible plane.

My God, Eugene thought, at a time like this.

"Re-minds me of the U-2 incident," Charles said. "Remember it flew so high you couldn't see it, taking pictures nobody knew it was taking."

Eugene blinked.

"Now that's what I call *c/ever*," Charles said. "Like 'Candid Camera'. Which reminds me. I got a camera, a Polaroid, and I bet you'd like to have a picture of Nancy to remember her by, wouldn't you?"

Eugene wanted to say something, but it didn't seem right to talk while she was sucking him. He swallowed loudly.

"I mean, I can take some *good* pictures. She's got a good body, ain't she? Bet you'd

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like to have one of her, like she really is. Well, I can take 'em. And I know she'd like one of you. I know y'all'd like some taken together, while you're having fun. Well, I can sure take 'em. Ten seconds and you got the fun for a lifetime. How'd you like that?"

Eugene felt his passion ebb. Nancy sat up. She looked suddenly vacant. Eugene covered himself with his hands.

"Well, sure," Eugene said. "I mean—"

"You mean," Charles said, "that it would be an unexpected *bonanza*."

Eugene giggled. *Losing control. I'm being taken.*

"I can take good pictures," Charles said. "I'm an amateur photographer. Got a bunch of good cameras. Nancy'd like one of you, wouldn't you, Nancy?"

Nancy nodded as Eugene slipped his flaccid penis back in his pants.

"Yeh," Charles said, "something to remember each other by. Ah, now," he went on, "didn't mean to interrupt y'all's gittin' acquainted. I just saw that plane and got to thinking how nice it'd be."

Eugene nodded and looked at Nancy. Charles began whistling a country tune.

"Scuse me," Charles said. "Forget I'm here. I won't interrupt no more."

They were in the country. Long patches of dark woods between deep, wide tracts of farm land. Suddenly it struck him: Was he being kidnapped? But he couldn't be kidnapped and make love to his kidnapper's

neighbor. *Whatever's happening I better take advantage of what I can.* But Nancy seems so pitiful sitting there so rigid. Like a beaten puppy. So compliant. Just touch her and she gives. Ask her a question and she nods. But hadn't he always wanted to make it with a girl like her? A sensual girl who submitted. But he felt sorry for her and damned himself for it. He fought the urge to moralize, to sympathize, to right what might be a desperate wrong to her. *Don't think of it.*

He turned to her. Her big eyes jumped to him and back to the road. He put his hand to her cheek. She flinched. He pressed gently, and she leaned into him. They swung into each other, and he caressed her forcefully. Soon they were at it again. He moved his head into her dress. She was limp, acquiescent, passive, warm.

Faintly, Eugene heard the refrain "Yes-sirree, gittin' acquainted."

They were almost on the floor, struggling with her dress. Eugene worked to get her hips right. Motors were roaring. A horn was blaring.

"Goddamn sonuvabitches!" he heard Charles yell.

The car lurched forward. Braked and lurched. "Goddamn sonuvabitches!"

Nancy and Eugene sat up and saw the cab of the transfer truck beside them.

Charles braked, and the truck jumped out ahead of them. A large penis hung out the cab's passenger window.

"Goddamn sonuvabitches! They been jumpin' in and out of the passin' lane for five miles. Gittin' their goddamn jollies," Charles yelled.

Nancy buttoned her dress. Eugene tried to zip up his pants.

"Family's one thing," Charles said. "The whole goddamned world's another. We ain't givin' no free show."

Charles stomped the accelerator, and the car lurched with a squeal. For a hair-raising, erection-dropping mile, the countryside was a blur.

The vehicles traded leads. The truck passenger sat down and clapped vigorously. A car came over the hill ahead. The truck abruptly dropped behind them, swerving over as the approaching car's locked wheel screeched and smoked. Charles pulled them into the shoulder and passed the car. Over the hill, they only heard the loud crash.

Charles grinned. "That's fair," he said. "They paid the price."

The car was still pushing 70 as Charles glanced at them and said, "Sorry, folks, weren't my fault. They crept up on us."

"Interruptus again," Charles said with a laugh. "Well, don't matter no how, 'cause we're hittin' the edge of town anyway."

The next hill brought them into the suburban sprawl.

But it needn't be over," he went on, looking at Eugene. "No, and it oughtn't be. I was thinkin', when y'all was gittin' so well acquainted, of takin' y'all's pictures and you know, that we oughta be able to work something out so y'all could have a little more time together." (Eugene blinked.) "Well, 'hell,' I said to myself: 'I know what. I got this cabin out by the lake nearby. Bought it back a few years and use it mostly in fishing weather, but I was thinkin': 'Now there's a place Nancy and Eugene could go for a while.' You know what I mean? I mean, I give you two a place to get together without no interruptions. And it's got everything, comfortable beds, sheets, pillows, everything. Nancy'd like that, wouldn't you, Nancy?" (Nancy nodded.) "Bet you'd like that, too, wouldn't you, Eu-gene?" (Eugene nodded.)

"Well, then it's all set," Charles went on. "And I'm mighty proud of thinkin' of it. I hated that it was gonna end. And I done promised y'all to take some pictures and hadn't figured out how. Now we're set. You can get more'n acquainted at my cabin. Ain't far. Be there in no time. You can stay as long as you like. Nobody'll bother you."

He stopped and glanced at Eugene. Eugene was in a drunken daze.



"Damn it, Henry, when are you gonna make an appointment with the eye doctor?"

Anyway," Charles said, "there're a few things to take care of first. Won't take long. Shortly we'll be up on this clothing outlet, where Nancy's gonna git herself some material. Then we'll go by Sears. It's not out of the way. Then we gotta drop Nancy by her grandmother's so she can tell her she won't be stayin' overnight. We'll drop Nancy while we go to Sears. Then we pick her up and be out to the cabin in no time."

He smiled at Eugene. Eugene blinked, trying desperately to sort all of it out. The shopping made it all seem normal, and the consideration for the grandmother made it all seem comic. Was he being kidnapped or not? And did it matter?

They pulled into a large parking lot right next to an enormous warehouse-like store. Charles pulled them into a space and stopped.

Charles got out and took the keys. Eugene stepped out to let Nancy by and felt so giddy he had to grasp the door. He watched them walk away. Charles had his arm around her. She walked straight with a gentle sway, like a model, making the old-timey hairdo and dress seem like props. *He's adopted her. And, free of the sexual hang-ups of a father, he looks out for her total well-being. Maybe.*

He was drunk, he was sure of it. Drunk, doped. Sweetest girl in the world, chauffeured lovemaking, the pictures, nude, a convenient cabin, plans for overnight? *But hadn't Charles promised to take me back? Had he planned the whole thing? Hadn't they passed me going the other way?*

Suddenly Eugene was afraid he couldn't handle it. He had to let someone know where he was. And he was in Charlotte. And Jim lived in Charlotte.

He walked crookedly toward the building, laughing at the thought of trying to tell Jim or his wife, Anne, what had happened.

Inside a little snack shop he went to a phone booth and pulled out the directory. He found the number, dialed wrong and tried again. Anne answered. "Hello, Anne, this is Eugene and I hafta talk fast. Is Jim there?"

"Eugene. Are you in town?"

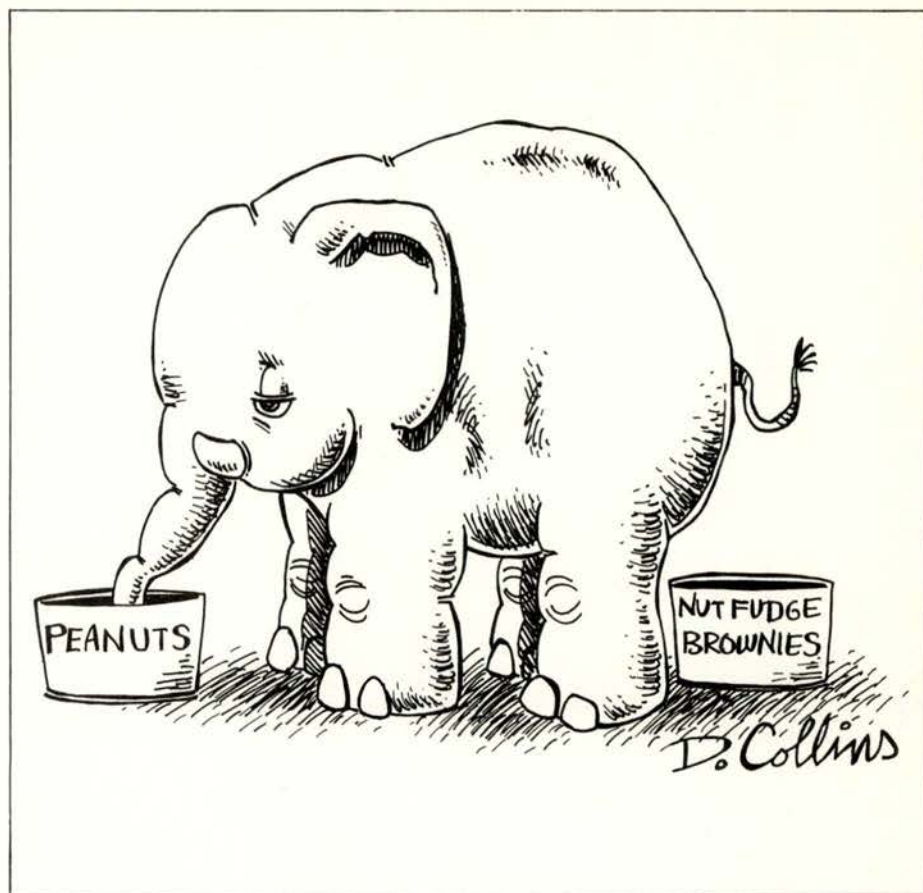
"Yeah. At some outlet. I have to talk fast. He might catch me. Is Jim there?"

"What? Jim's at the office. *Who* might catch you?"

"I think I'm being kidnapped, but I'm not sure. I have to—ah—oh." He thought he saw Charles. "Gotta go. I'll try to call back."

He hung up and hurried out the door. It wasn't Charles. He went back to the car. They weren't back. He lit a cigarette and laughed, thinking of Anne still holding the phone. Then he saw them coming.

Charles laughed, and Nancy clutched



the bag as they all got in. Starting the car, Charles said, "Why don't you show him, Nancy?"

She fumbled with the sack and drew out some cotton material with small printed flowers, like the dress she had on. "That's nice," Eugene said.

Nancy smiled tinily, and they drove onto the highway, into more and more traffic. Soon they were in a dense residential area. Charles began making frequent turns, talking again about being young, having fun.

"But I hafta be back there by 8," Eugene said, straightening himself.

Charles stared at him. "Ah, don't worry 'bout your gal. It's still early. You got time to be with Nancy for a while before you go back there."

The car slowed on a curving, uphill, densely housed street. They stopped under a tree between houses. Eugene opened the door.

"Just tell her you-know-what," Charles said. "We'll be back in 15 minutes."

Eugene let her out, and she ran down the street. She ran like a girl shy of running, head down.

Charles sat silent as Nancy slipped up steps leading to a house 30 yards away. He started the car. She went into the house without knocking. It was a white house, wood, one and a half stories, small porch, shutters, organdy curtains.

"Well, good," Charles said. "Now Sears ain't no piece."

They entered the city traffic and made frequent turns. Eugene tried to remember directions, landmarks. His head was clearing. The whole thing seemed wrong again. He recognized a street. One block, two, from the county library. He couldn't tell Charles he had changed his mind. There might be others involved. Violence. They were at Sears.

Charles parked and grinned at Eugene. Charles got out. "Let's go."

"I'll just wait on you," Eugene said.

"Come on," Charles said, looking sternly at him. Eugene got out. "Lock the doors," Charles said. Eugene locked the back door and pretended to press down the front button, slamming the door. "Didn't lock," Charles said. Eugene locked it. Then they walked to the building.

"Eugene, I envy you. You're gonna have a day to remember."

Eugene nodded. He wanted to find a rest room and a phone.

Charles led him to the rest room. They urinated and washed their hands.

"Couldn't help but notice you're hung, Eugene. She'll like that." (Eugene smiled weakly as they went out.) "I gotta pay some bills. If you want a Coke, there's a snack bar down there. Be back here in five minutes."

As Charles disappeared, Eugene found

a pay phone. He remembered the number but dialed too hurriedly. He checked for Charles and dialed again. Anne answered.

"Anne! Eugene again. Is Jim there?"

"No, he's not. What in the world is happening? Where are you?"

"Listen. I got four minutes to break into the car, get my suitcase and get away. I'm at Sears. I know where the library is. Tell Jim."

"Gene, if this is some kind of joke—"

"I'm gonna try to break into the car. If I can, I'll be at the library in five minutes. If I can't, I'll try to call from the cabin. I hafta go now."

"Gene! What cabin?"

"Bye." He slammed down the phone and walked swiftly out of the building. *What cabin? The cabin where the gang is? What gang?*

He ran to the car. A small, triangular window on the back door had a crack in the glass. He glanced at the building, at people passing, watching him. He took off his shoe. A policeman was standing nearby. *Why not tell the cop? But what? The cop walked off.* Eugene drew back the shoe.

"Something in your shoe, Eu-gene?"

Charles came up, carrying a big sack. Smiling. Eugene nodded, dropped the shoe and quickly stuck his foot in it.

"All set now, Eu-gene. Even got a little extra film, just in case."

Charles unlocked the doors. Eugene

thought: *Grab suitcase, run.*

"It's gonna be beautiful," Charles said, smiling. "I feel like Cupid."

Eugene got in, closed the door and blinked straight ahead.

They drove in silence. *Everything is gonna be all right.* A few minutes later, he recognized the street. Nancy was waiting. As they slowed to a stop, she ran out to them, head down. He got out, she slid in, and he got back in. They were moving instantly, as if they hadn't stopped. Nancy's face seemed flushed, vibrant.

"Everything OK?" Charles asked.

She nodded, and Eugene thought he noticed a tiny smile.

"Well," Charles said, "why don't we get some soda and have a drink?"

Moved by her smile, Eugene relaxed. *Maybe it was all right.* Charles was whispering, Nancy was softening, and he was feeling tender. *But what about Jim and Anne? If there's a phone, I'll call them. Afterwards.*

Charles pulled into a drive-in restaurant and ordered a Pepsi.

"Col-ledge boy meets sweetest girl in the world," Charles said. "Just like in the movies." (Nancy twitched. Eugene blinked.)

"That reminds me. I even got a little movie camera. And lightin' equipment. I'm a real camera buff. Love to shoot, stills or motion, if y'all git what I mean." (He raised his

eyebrows; Eugene blinked.) "I mean if y'all want a *real record* of your fun, well, it could be done."

Eugene glanced at Nancy. She looked ahead, expressionless. The curb boy came. Eugene thought of his luggage and the nearby pay phone.

"Let's toast 'Col-ledge boy meets the sweetest girl in the world.'"

They all took swigs from the bottle.

"I'll do whatever y'all want," Charles said. "I could film y'all without gittin' in the way. And make a print for each of you."

"Actually," Eugene said, quaffing the soda, "I'd rather be alone."

He turned and looked at Charles. Now was the time to challenge, grab his suitcase and run to the restaurant. Charles looked hurt.

"Whatever you want, Eu-gene. Whatever you and Nancy want. Myself, I'd be jumping at a chance to git a record of the greatest night I ever had."

They all took swigs. Eugene took a wild guzzle.

"A film might be nice," Eugene said, "but I'd rather be alone with her."

"Sure," Charles said. "Just forgit I mentioned it."

Eugene glanced at Nancy. She had the twitch again.

"Ah," Charles went on, "it don't matter. I'm just a camera nut. I just thought you'd like my suggestion. But if all y'all want is a Polaroid, then that's it. Y'all can even take 'em yourselves. If you want one together, I'll do it. Just let me know. I'll do whatever you want."

Another crisis past. Or is it?

They drove onto the highway. Eugene put his arm on Nancy's shoulder. He was drunk again.

All he wanted was to be alone with her and for it to last until it ended. For miles he stared at Nancy. The car slowed, turned down a road, slowed again and turned into a dirt road flanked by pine trees. Ahead, Eugene saw a small cabin by a lake. He jerked.

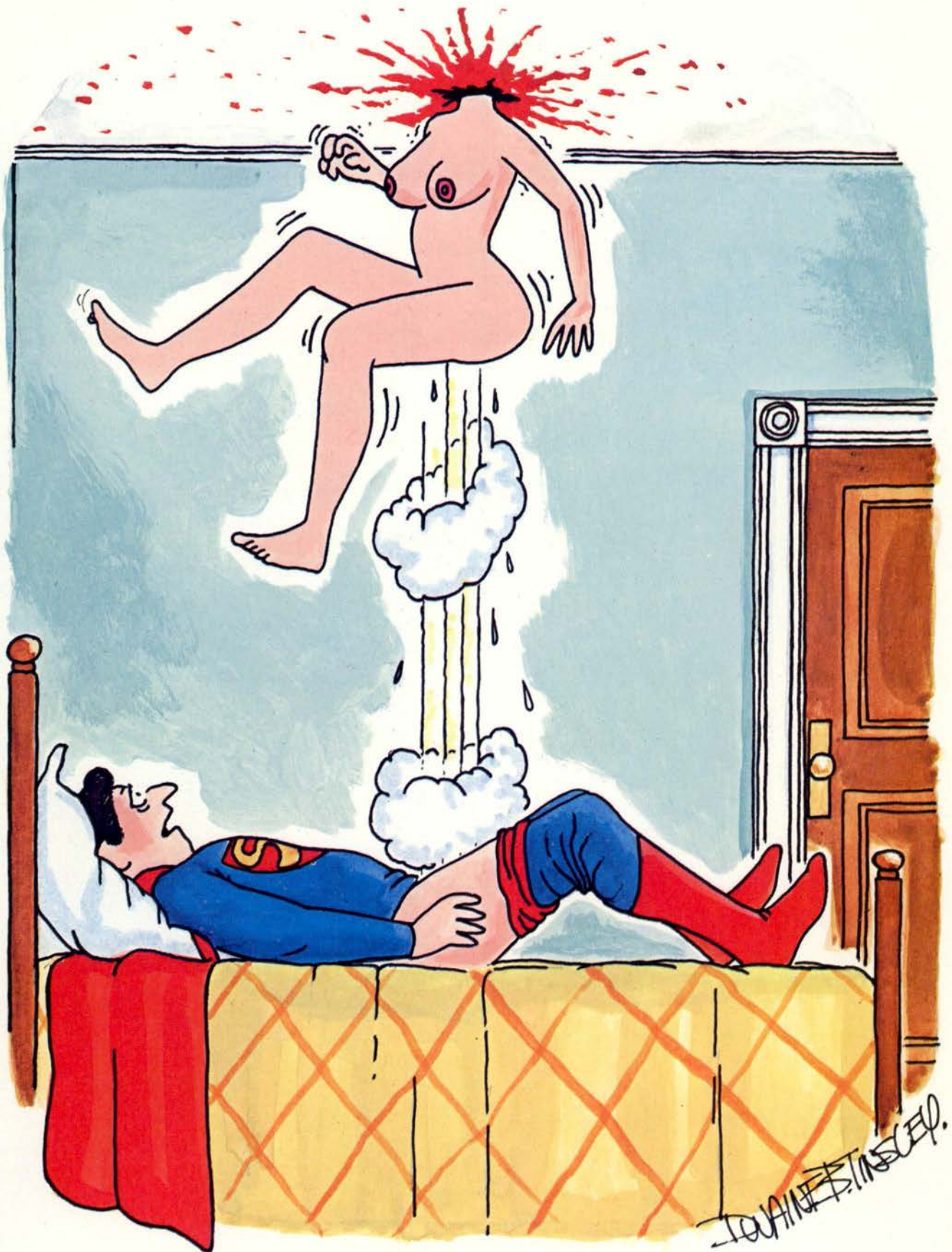
How did I get here? All he could remember was passing a service station just a minute before. Then turning right, they rode up in front of a simple one-story cabin, scaling white paint, short porch. Behind it, a brown lake came up to pine-needle-covered red clay. An old, paintless rowboat lay nearby. The driveway looked used.

"Home, sweet home," Charles laughed. He jumped out with his Sears bag and took the keys. Eugene slid out. As Nancy slipped out, Eugene reached back and pulled up the old back-door latch. It clicked. Nancy looked at him.

(continued on page 96)



"Er, I think you're sucking too hard."



"Well, I warned you that I was coming."

CHASTITY.

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE







Guys find that it's worth it to bring this Atlanta girl out of her shell to get their nut. However, getting Chastity to open up wasn't always so easy. "I chose Chastity as a stage name because I was so shy when I started dancing topless. But times in the South were hard, and I needed a job." Chastity soon found that this chore not only gave her a new prosperity, but the secret thrill of men taking her with their eyes exposed a personality hidden deep within her.



Now that Chastity has split from her old bashful ways, she is as aggressive as a 23-year-old woman should be. She not only genuinely enjoys tantalizing the audience with her nude body, but she gets off on wearing sheer clothing to tease passers-by. Alone with her special man, Chastity vents her newfound fire by sinking her fingernails deep in his back when he brings her to a thrashing peak. That's the kind of Southern hospitality we can dig.







EROTICA

(continued from page 71)

The artistic backlash to Victorian sex attitudes produced some of the most enduring erotica ever to raise a forbidden hard-on. On the literary level, Mark Twain wrote *1601*, a book about which he commented, "If there is a decent word in it, it is because I overlooked it." U. S. Secretary of State John Hay joined Twain in his stand for freedom of expression by printing an edition of this book on the presses at the military academy at West Point. And in England, the underground magazine *The Pearl* published such filthy fare as a serial entitled "Lady Pokingham," classified ads hawking Negro virgins and limericks about enema sex and copulating clergymen. In the visual erotic arts, an Englishman by the name of Charles Dodgson (better known as Lewis Carroll, author of *Alice in Wonderland*) was gratifying his pedophilic passions by photographing little girls in the nude. Fuck photos were still quite rare; any hard-core pictures were more likely to be drawings. And for the most part the bulk of the visual erotica consumed by English and American collectors of this era was being produced in France, where the atmosphere was a great deal more tolerant.

The celebrated French postcard reached the height of its popularity during the first two decades of the 20th century. Like Renaissance nudes, most of the women on French postcards were posed in artistic settings. The more suggestive cards featured bedroom scenes, but all were tastefully done and showed more armpit hair than pubes. Some featured one or two women bathing or putting on makeup, the camera's eye serving as a sort of peeping tom scoping in on the scene. A few showed nude women in the presence of clothed men, obviously on the brink of a sexual encounter but never in the process of fucking. French postcards were hardly pornographic by today's standards. Still, men of that time were turned on by the sight of a woman's ankle, so an honest-to-God nude photograph or drawing was surely something to squirt over.

French postcards were the inspiration for some early peep-show material, most of which depicted a woman in the process of undressing. The pictures exposed everything but pubic hair and carried titles like: "The Bridal Chamber," "Beware, My Husband Comes" and "How Bridget Served the Salad Undressed." The machines that showed these precursors of porn films were large boxes much like the peep-show

machines of today, only they contained a series of images that flipped over rapidly and gave the illusion of motion.

An American version of the French postcard was produced in the years preceding World War I, but these were drastically watered down in comparison to their Continental counterparts. Both the women and the men were dressed, while whatever erotic content the pictures had was only vaguely implied in captions like, "I need a partner," and "Come take a fly with me." Tame stuff, to be sure, but about the only Yankee yank-off material one could obtain then without going to great illegal lengths. Besides, the really juicy smut of that time, some of which we resurrected for this article, was available only to those who had connections and money.

World War I introduced thousands of red-blooded American boys to Parisian porn,

At a time when men were turned on by the sight of a woman's ankle, a nude photograph or drawing was surely something to squirt over.

which was as prevalent in the trenches as lice and hardtack. Much of this frog erotica found its way Stateside in the duffel bags of discharged doughboys. By now, America was making up for lost time by producing some rather decent mass-market cheesecake, mostly in the form of films and promotional still photos of scantily clad starlets. But these were nothing compared to the new wave of fuckee-suckee photos that were finally beginning to appear on the underground scene.


The exposure of flappers' flaps (some of which could be your mother's or your grandmother's) represented a turning point for turn-on pictures. Finally, explicit erotica was widely presented in photos rather than drawings. And some of the participants were even willing to show their faces. Artistic conventions that had inhibited leg spread and fuck photos prior to the 20s

were abandoned in favor of realistic poses and settings. The women in erotic photos were no longer depicted as beautiful but inaccessible nymphs; they were whores—or at least horny housewives—who were more than willing to pull their gashes open and flash a vertical smile for the camera. Moreover, they were posed on the seats of cars or on couches and beds in sleazy hotel rooms—the places where illicit sex really takes place. The smut of this era, which was totally different from anything the men of previous generations had spilled their seed over, bears the closest resemblance to today's erotica. In fact, if it were not for outdated hairstyles, furnishings, etc., many of the photos dating from the 20s and 30s could have been taken today.

The "Jazz Age" was notorious for the liberated sexual attitudes held by a significant portion of the population. Prohibition was largely responsible for a widespread disregard for the laws and conventions of the preceding Victorian and Edwardian eras (not that laws and conventions had ever wielded much influence where the pleasures of the flesh were concerned, only now the defiance was more open than it had ever been before). Now, the girl next door was drinking, smoking cigarettes, going braless, wearing short skirts and staining the upholstery of her boyfriend's Model T. Likewise, a horny young man no longer had to rely solely on his hand or a disease-ridden whore for sexual release. He could obtain it with the girl next door—with her full consent, of course.

Still, there have always been certain cloistered individuals denied conventional sexual releases: prisoners, military personnel, priests and nuns, among others. These are the people who have benefitted most from so-called dirty pictures, and these are the ones who have suffered the most when erotica was made unavailable for whatever righteous reason. Sadly, the people who oppose erotica have always been the ones who find it hard to remember that they, too, once cemented together the pages of the *Police Gazette* with their own organic glue.

But despite periodic lapses into Victorian patterns of thought, the suppression of erotica in America has eased up somewhat over the past century. It's entirely conceivable that someday it will be legal to whack off over whatever—or whomever—we please.

It's too late for my poor deceased Chiquita and me to enjoy a socially sanctioned love affair. But I am constantly looking for a woman to take her place. And as soon as I can clear the nostalgic lump from my throat, I intend to resume my search in this month's pile of Beaver Hunt photos. 

J. Kohl



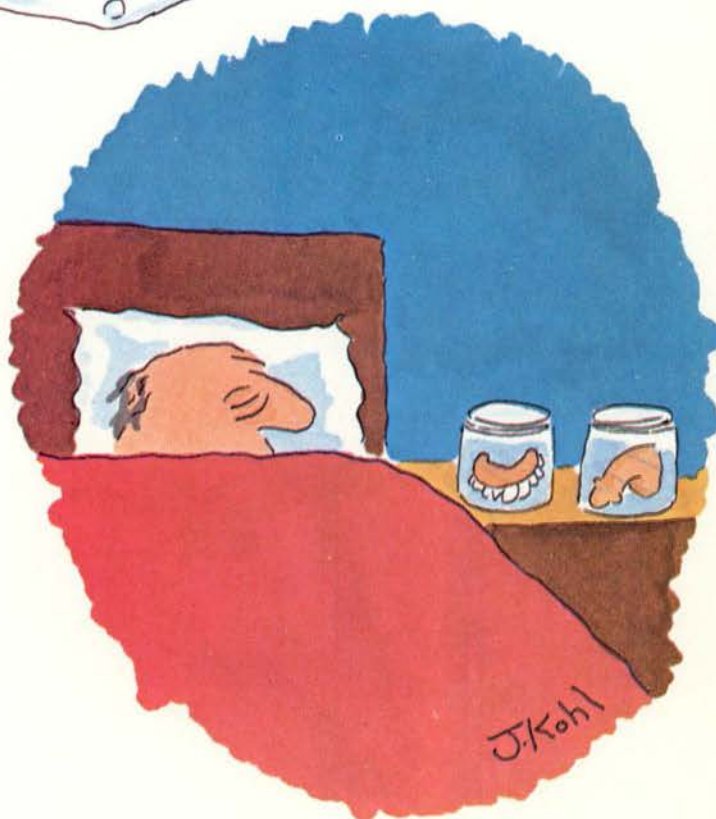
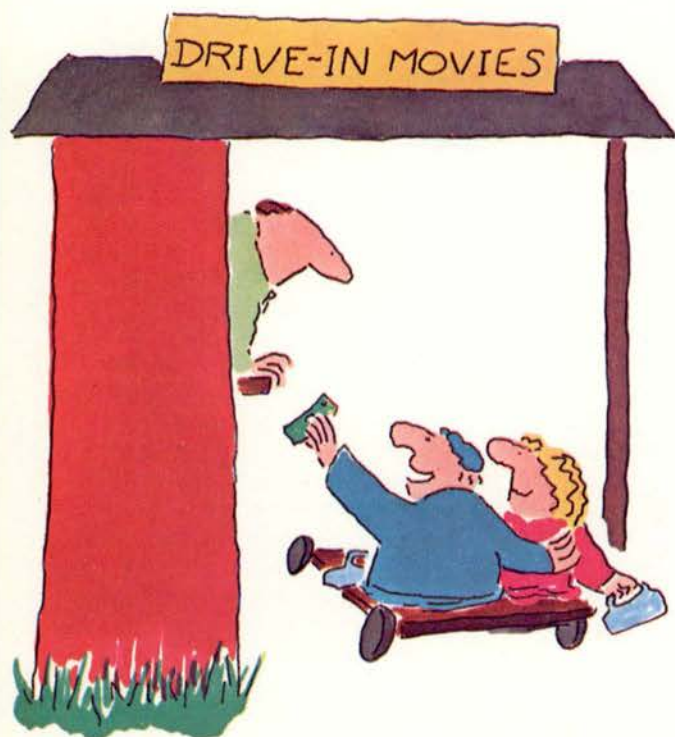
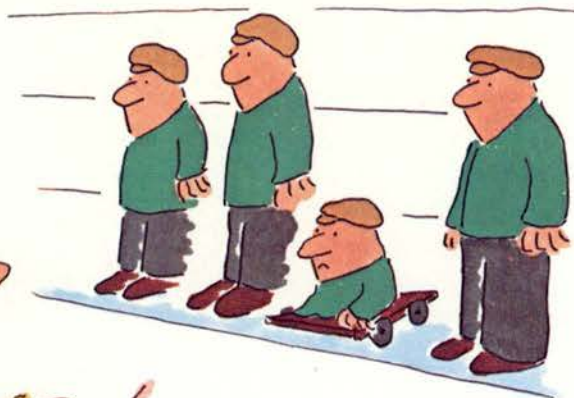
STUMPED FOR LAUGHS

(Hire the Handicapped—They're Fun to Watch)

Joe Kohl became a cartoonist out of desperation. He was fired from a job because he refused to brown-nose his bosses. Kohl's attitude made it difficult to find work—finally he became a porn shop clerk. In between mopping up jizz and shouting "This ain't a library!" Joe drew cartoons and sold them to obscure publications for rates that barely paid for his paper and ink. Joe went hungry for a time and was even arrested in Florida for stealing a piece of Swiss cheese. During his three-day jail sentence, Kohl kept busy by

drawing on his cell walls—and wound up serving an additional day cleaning the walls. Since then, however, 29-year-old Joe has lived with his wife in Eatontown, New Jersey, and has cartooned for publications as diversified as *Cosmopolitan*, *Saturday Review*, *Rotarian* and *HUSTLER*. Last fall we put Joe Kohl under exclusive contract for his services, so if you want to enjoy Joe's work, you'll have to buy *HUSTLER*. It cost us an arm and a leg to get him, but as his work proves, Joe Kohl's talent is a bargain at any price.





Sam Roth

(continued from page 54)

with issuing other people's works or plagiarizing them or pirating them. But he began to feel cheated, betrayed and denied credit by whole armies of his friends, associates and people whose careers he had, in one way or another, helped to launch. The seething anger and bitterness accumulated in him. Pauline urged him to write it down, get it all out; it was better than developing a duodenal ulcer.

So Sam wrote. And wrote. Got it all down on paper. But instead of wrapping it up and putting it in the bottom drawer of his desk, he decided—against Pauline's advice—to publish the damn thing. *Jews Must Live* was the title. It was a scathing attack on men like himself in publishing and elsewhere—but it was taken as an ethnic slur.

Pauline believes that the book led to Sam's downfall years later. Even Sam came to regret publishing it. In any event, the book caused a terrific furor. Enraged Jews undertook personal scavenging expeditions to the New York Public Library hoping to get hold of a copy of the book so that they could burn it. Some of these would-be book burners were arrested by the police, though

Sam, try as he did, could never learn their names. With his occasionally twisted view of things, he remarked, "If they didn't like my book, they might have liked me."

That was the thing about Sam. You could never be sure whether he was being serious or putting you—and the rest of the world—on.

Jews Must Live gave Sam more trouble than either *Ulysses* or *Lady Chatterley* had. People made threats on his life because of it, and Sam and Pauline even went so far as to dump several copies into the river just to get them out of sight.

The book probably antagonized everyone Sam hadn't antagonized before. So when the FBI and the Post Office Department resolved to prosecute him again—this time for a series of obscene books and suggestive photographs—there was no one standing in line waiting for a chance to defend him. Sam went back to jail, this time to Lewisburg Penitentiary, where he remained from 1937 to 1940.

When he was released, Sam somehow ended up working for Naval Intelligence based at Brooklyn Navy Yard. What he did for them is unclear, but it is believed that he was asked by U. S. Naval Intelligence to help in their efforts to uncover and trap Nazi agents among the literati Roth associated with. Sam helping the United States govern-

ment was something of a dramatic turn-about, but then if Lucky Luciano could do it, why not Sam Roth? Prison, a courtroom, a book auctioneering company, a printing plant—everywhere was home for Sam.

Maybe it was looking for all those Nazi spies in the Navy Yard that did it. Whatever it was, Sam had developed a fascination for Germany. He published a book about his fellow candidate for oblivion. *Inside Hitler* was the title, and it purported to be an expose by Hitler's psychiatrist Dr. Kurt Krueger. Several years after *Inside Hitler* came *My Sister and I* (1951) wherein the late, great German philosopher, Friedrich Nietzsche, confessed to an incestuous affair with his sister. While it is true that Nietzsche died in an insane asylum, debilitated by syphilis, neither his looniness nor the syphilis had anything to do with his sister. These two books were finally exposed as hoaxes in 1965, when their true author, David Plotkin, stepped forward.

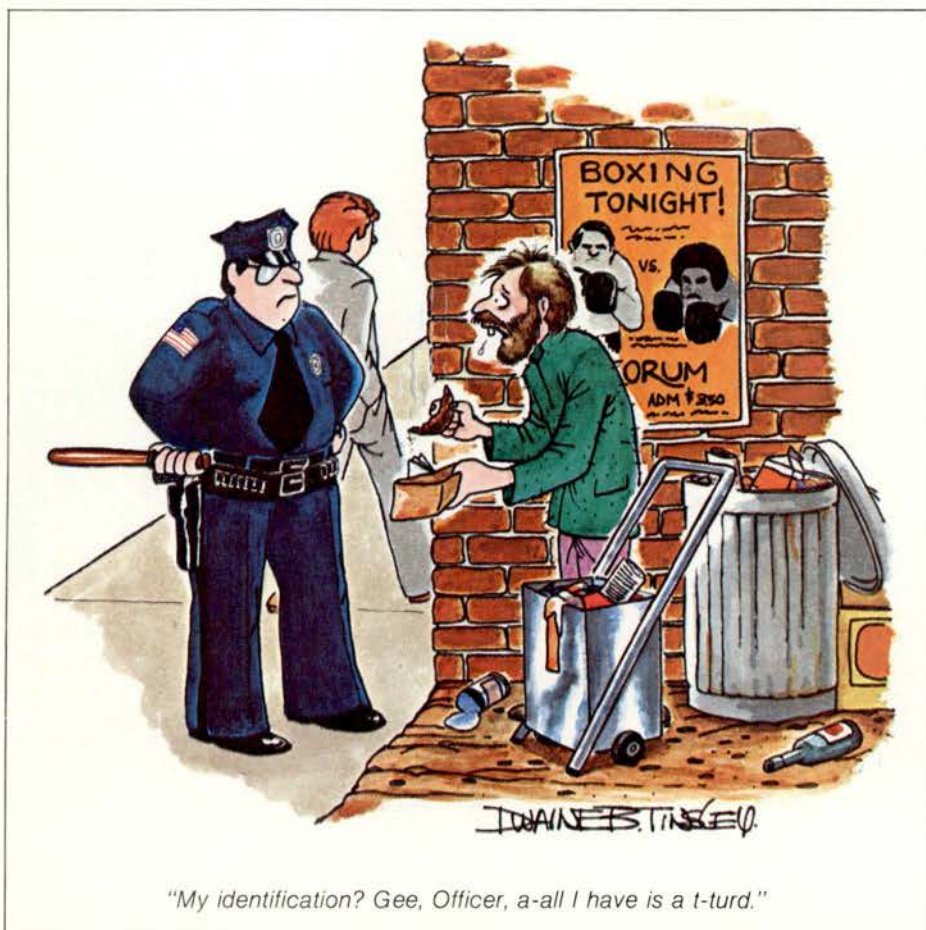
Sam's attraction to Germans did not end with Nietzsche. He even published works—mostly poems and prison notes—by the pro-Nazi writer George Sylvester Viereck, who was ever welcome in the Roth home. It didn't matter in the least that he was an anti-Semite. Perhaps Roth, who vehemently defended Viereck, thought of the Nazi propagandist as a fellow outcast. That Viereck's hero in Berlin might have sent Roth's distant relatives to the gas chambers was of less importance than personal loyalty. Both Roth and Viereck had many of the same enemies, and sometimes there is no more solid basis for friendship than that.

"Though he was sophisticated, he tended to be naive," Sam once said about him.

Sam Roth could easily have been talking about himself.

Stubbornly, Sam continued to publish his erotic literature, this time using the pen name Norman Lockridge. Dozens of these "Norman Lockridge" books appeared. One of them—*Beautiful Sinners of New York*—was found to be obscene by the DA's office of New York. Roth was dragged into court, but miraculously he was acquitted. Sam was unduly heartened by the decision.

Soon, Roth's readers were introduced to a new periodical—actually a hardbound book—that Sam called *American Aphrodite* ("A Quarterly for the Fancy-Free"). Incidentally the fancy-free had to pay through the nose for their copies, ten dollars per issue. Reading an issue of *Aphrodite* today is only a little more stimulating than perusing a first-year economics textbook. The climactic passage from one of *Aphrodite*'s stories, "The Constant Woman"—"I took her in my arms. She was all flesh, soft flesh that melted towards me. Her face bent towards me, smiling, the eyes bright, the teeth



"My identification? Gee, Officer, a-all I have is a t-turd."

parted. I felt in her the surge of passion, against my own desire. As we kissed I imagined that I encompassed in my embrace all of her, the whole mystery...." That's it. Not the sort of thing worth getting excited over, but it didn't matter to the authorities, who must have gone by the axiom that if it came from Sam Roth it had to be dirty.

John Sumner might have faded into the woodwork by now, gone to that never-never land that enforcers of public morality end up in, but Sam did not lack for enemies. The old ones might die off, but there were younger, healthier, stronger enemies to take their places, particularly in the first years of the '50s, a time of Red scares, witch-hunts and McCarthy hearings.

Of course, it didn't matter much to Sam what the times were like. When it came to Sam Roth, all times were likely to be equally bad, filled with prison terms and legal entanglements. Evidently it was impossible for Roth to stay out of trouble, a fact noted time and again by Walter Winchell during his radio broadcasts in the spring of 1954.

No question, Winchell was out to get Sam, and he would stop at nothing to do it. Winchell had every reason to dislike Sam and would have throttled him if he could. Instead he did the next best thing: He denounced him over the air in a series of scathing, violent tirades.

Sam had been responsible for the publication of a book called *The Secret Life of Walter Winchell*. After all, he'd taken on Hoover, Nietzsche, Hitler, Joyce, Sumner and some of his own ex-friends, why not Walter Winchell, too?

Nevertheless, Walter Winchell was, if anything, a more ruthless persecutor than any of Sam's other antagonists. The author of the expose, Lyle Stuart, was set upon by goons and nearly beaten to death prior to the book's publication. Stuart believed that they were in Winchell's employ. Whatever the facts of the matter, it was clear that Winchell meant to take on Sam, and he had the resources to do it. Not only could Winchell use the airwaves, he could draw upon the friendship of J. Edgar Hoover. Hoover's enemies and Winchell's were often the same hapless people.

So, when Winchell told the world, in that bombastic and gravelly voice of his, that Sam Roth should be arrested, what he was really saying was that Sam *would* be—and that's just what happened the very next day, April 13, 1954.

In what was by now a familiar scenario, the police invaded the Roth apartment, detaining the family and denying them access to a phone so that they could get in touch with their attorney. The warrant that the police produced enabled the officers to

search for evidence of a "personal conspiracy" between Sam and Pauline to conduct an illegal business. Clearly, a fishing expedition was in progress. Several blocks away, Roth's publishing company on Lafayette Street, now known as the Seven Sirens Press, was similarly raided, its employees herded into police vans. Its vast library of 70,000 books, manuscripts, files, mailing lists and stencils were carted off as well.

Sam, desperate to contact his attorney, decided to sneak out of his building and scuttle across the street to the public phone booth. No use. He was 59 years old. A detective caught up with him and grabbed hold of him, pushing him against a parked car. Ironically, the police decided it was Sam who had assaulted the detective and not the other way around, adding a new charge to all the others. At this stage of the game, however, one charge more or less certainly made no difference.

Subpoenaed to testify before a Senate subcommittee investigating the causes of juvenile delinquency, Sam refused, asserting that since he was a prisoner of New York County he couldn't very well talk to the subcommittee without the risk of incriminating himself. Perhaps if the subcommittee granted him immunity he might agree to talk. The subcommittee, then in the midst of analyzing comic books to see how they contributed to lust and crime, rejected Sam's request. And although Sam was dismissed temporarily, he was informed that the subpoena remained in effect.

When the subcommittee called for him again a year later, Sam decided he would comply. This time Roth was asked to tell the senators what he thought about the impact of "obscene and pornographic materials" on the young.

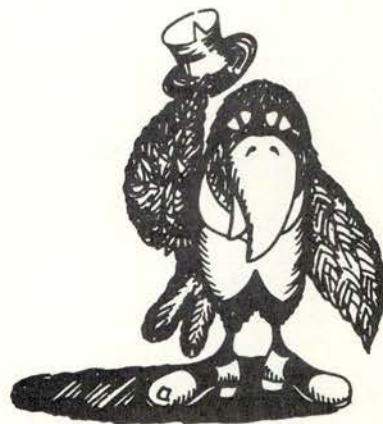
The subcommittee, under the chairmanship of Senator Estes Kefauver, was laying a trap for Sam. Whatever he said would be used against him; he had not gotten immunity. Already federal authorities were amassing evidence to indict him, and the Kefauver Committee did the research for them. When the indictment came, they wanted to be sure it would be effective. Unlike many of the past proceedings, it would not be a chickenshit indictment. This time the U. S. Government was committing itself to the battle.

At the subcommittee hearings, letters were passed out, allegedly from irate parents, complaining that their kids had been bombarded by Roth's advertising circulars. (One of the "kids" who managed to get an ad was none other than J. Edgar Hoover.) Sam denied that he'd ever intentionally mailed anything out to children, and

(continued on page 106)

Adult films "hard" to get?

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CIGARETTES

(continued from page 42)

The hoax was condemned by the Federal Trade Commission, but by that time the damage was already done; cigarette sales had jumped slightly.

Another move was a sleazy campaign to prevent the F.C.C. from banning cigarette advertising on television. This went back and forth for a few years, until 1967 when a young New York attorney named John F. Banzhaf III petitioned the F.C.C. on behalf of the antismoking forces, claiming that if the cigarette companies were going to be allowed to advertise on the air then his people should be given equal time to refute them, under the F.C.C.'s Fairness Doctrine. Both the industry and the TV networks brought in all their heavy legal guns to fight the challenge, but, amazingly, they lost out. Within a few months, the airwaves were deluged with antismoking commercials. Cigarette manufacturers and broadcasters continued fighting it, but in 1969 the U. S. Supreme Court upheld the ruling.

At this point, the tobacco companies suffered a second and more serious slump in sales, and finally they decided that it would probably be better for them if they *did* take their advertising off the air, because then the prime time antismoking commercials would also cease. So throughout 1969 and 1970, in contrast to their previous position, they lobbied assiduously behind the scenes to bring such a ban about. During one Congressional hearing, industry spokesman Joseph F. Cullman vowed that if they were allowed to withdraw from the air slowly in a phase-out process, the companies would also stop all other advertising aimed at young people.

The ban went into effect on January 2, 1971, in accord with the Public Health Smoking Act of 1970. Some antismoking people saw it as a great victory, but others knew that the gains were illusory. Soon after, the networks stopped showing the antismoking commercials in prime time, and cigarette sales shot up almost as quickly as they had gone down.

In addition, the cigarette companies were now able to save millions of dollars in TV advertising money (estimated annual expenditure: \$200 million). They wasted no time in diverting some of it to other media, where, contrary to their vows before the Congress, they started a spectacular ad campaign aimed at the nation's youth. In 1972, after increasing pressure from the Federal Trade Commission, they agreed to print the cigarette warning on billboard and magazine advertising. But they initiated

such tricks as printing the warning in English on Spanish-language ads. As usual, though, they were soon able to see some benefits in the supposed setback. For one thing, they found that the warning had little effect on sales. Also, it enabled them to avoid possible damage suits from the families of lung cancer victims. After all, they could say, the smokers *had* been warned.

Next, they started coming up with new and better promotional gimmicks, such as the Virginia Slims Tennis Tournament, which won the endorsement of some of the biggest names in the world of sports, while also gaining prime-time TV coverage (with the name Virginia Slims prominently displayed in color around the court). They also started mailing out free samples, just as they had done years before, but the F.T.C. put a quick stop to it.

The federal government subsidizes the tobacco industry to the tune of millions a year.

At this time, the domestic cigarette market is controlled by six major companies. Even if cigarette smoking is some day outlawed in the United States, these companies will never go broke. Of late, they have been diversifying into other fields, to such an extent that cigarette sales now account for only 56 percent of their profits. For example, according to an article in *New Yorker* magazine on November 18, 1974, Liggett & Myers now owns Alpo dog food, Brite watch bands, and J&B Scotch; American Tobacco Company operates Swingline Staples and Jergens Lotion; and Philip Morris has assumed the control of Personna Blades, Burma Shave and Miller Beer. More recent information shows that R. J. Reynolds has 29 divisions and subsidiaries that include Sea-Land Containership, Mail Express, American Independent Oil Company, Aminoil divisions in London and Kuwait and a tobacco company in Turkey. Also, the companies are supposedly ready to market legal marijuana, should that ever become a reality.

Needless to say, the American government has also been doing its bit to insure that the Big Six remain prosperous. In contrast to a measly \$900,000 appropriation to HEW to educate the public about the dangers of smoking, the federal government now subsidizes the tobacco industry to a tune of millions of dollars per year.


In 1975, these appropriations included \$3.1 million in support payments for the

exporting of tobacco, \$1.9 million in subsidies for tobacco farmers, \$5.3 million for inspection and grading of the crop, and \$100,000 to advertise the product overseas. Most amazing is a \$17.7 million grant to ship tobacco to poor countries. How tobacco ever got included in the list of desperately needed foodstuffs is anybody's guess because tobacco has no nutritional value. When he was president, Ford refused to have anything to do with such questions; in fact, he had been seen playing golf with a Tobacco Institute lobbyist who is a personal friend of his. And Ford was cool to proposals to ban high-tar cigarettes from sale and to further restrict cigarette advertising.

Scientists now report that it is possible to produce a nonnicotine "safe" cigarette, but the tobacco industry has spent only a few hundred thousand dollars to study it. Obviously, they are aware that if nicotine were removed from cigarettes for good, millions of persons would not become addicted every year. "The industry is as likely to produce a nonnicotine cigarette as the nylon stocking industry is to produce a run-free stocking," pointed out one consumer advocate.

Nevertheless, as we all should know, the tobacco industry has been producing cigarettes with *less* nicotine for years. These cigarettes, such as Vantage and True, contain enough nicotine to keep the smoker addicted, but they are still low enough in tars to convince people that they are smoking a safer cigarette. As a result of this, the industry is able to save money on tobacco. Over the last few years, because of spiraling costs, they have actually preferred to use less tobacco, even on nonfilter cigarettes. They replace it with potentially dangerous filler material that is much cheaper to produce.

In recent years, the only hopeful sign is that hundreds of small smoking clinics have opened, offering a complete program of rehabilitation for anywhere from \$5 to \$450, depending on where they are located. These clinics report a fair rate of success, and they now advertise in many magazines, directly opposite the cigarette ads. At one clinic, directors report that it takes about two weeks to kick the habit temporarily and two more weeks to lick it for good. The lungs start repairing themselves almost as soon as they stop receiving smoke.

It would be nice to report that cigarette sales have slumped because of all this, but unfortunately it is not the case. In fact, it is now estimated that 5000 adolescents per day are picking up the smoking habit, thus refuting the notion that they are brighter and more well informed than their parents. In fact, they are just as dumb—and the cigarette companies know it. 

CRUSH YOUR BUTT

THERE ARE WAYS TO KICK THE HABIT

There is a wide variety of programs, plans and centers in the United States designed to help the tobacco addict break the smoking habit. Costs vary, between \$5 and \$450, and some of the plans involve travel and accompanying free time. As a public service, HUSTLER is listing the better-known plans. However, HUSTLER does not endorse any of the programs listed.

The Hinsdale Sanitarium and Hospital conducts a five-day stop-smoking plan that is based on the cold turkey method. A \$10 registration fee covers 90-minute meetings on five consecutive days. The group and individual counseling is offered to assist the smoker in adjusting to a life without cigarettes. All of their sessions are conducted by health educators and physicians. The Hinsdale Sanitarium and Hospital address is 120 North Oak St., Hinsdale, Illinois 60521.

A similar program is conducted by the Washington Adventist Hospital for a \$5 fee. The hospital also offers a five-day live-in program, including lodging and meals, for \$275. Contact the Chaplain's Office, 7600 Carroll Avenue, Takoma Park, Maryland 20012.

Another five-day, cold turkey, live-in program is offered at the St. Helena Health Center, Deer Park, California 94576. Lodging, meals, individual and group counseling plus therapy are included in the \$395 fee. Local tours and other activities are planned for visitors to the health center.

There are 11 Schick Centers for the Control of Smoking, all in the western United States. A \$450 fee is charged for one-hour sessions on five consecutive days, plus weekly follow-up sessions. Schick uses the aversion theory, which entails mild electric shock, plus coun-


seling. The main address for Schick centers is 15720 Ventura Boulevard, Suite 227, Encino, California 91316.

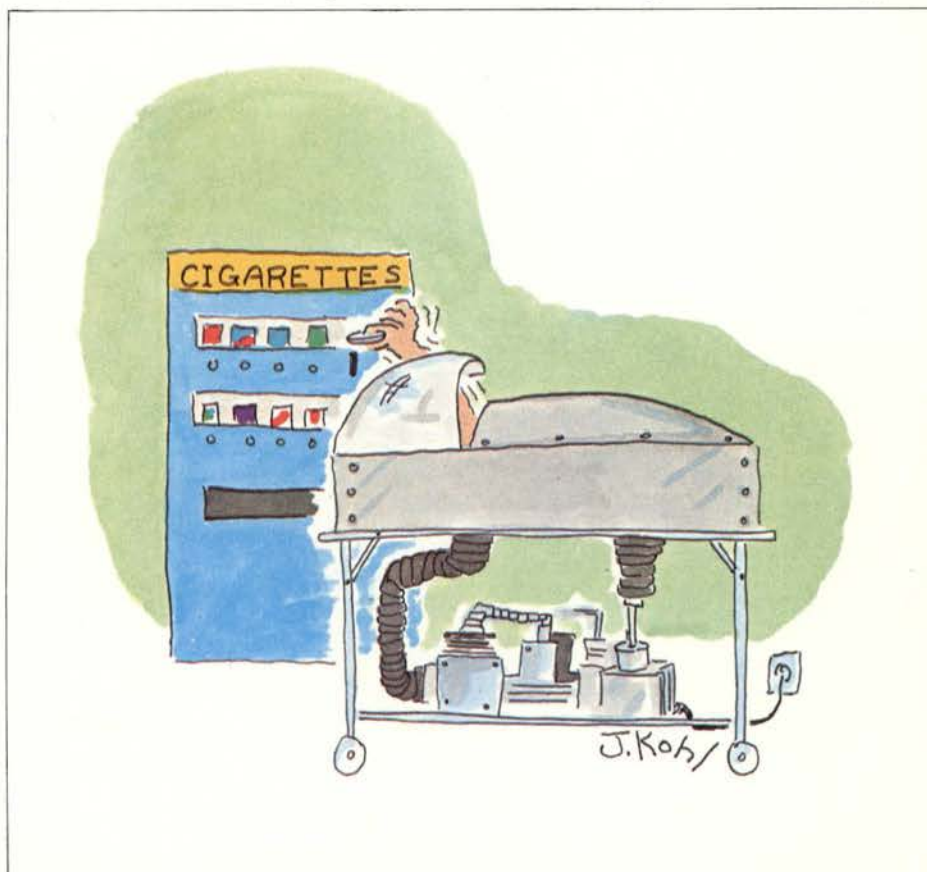
SmokEnders offers local programs consisting of nine weekly two-hour sessions with trained counselors. The program involves quitting cold turkey after the first five weeks of preparatory sessions. Fees vary depending on local costs, but the average fee is \$150. SmokEnders has 21 regional offices, with a main office at 145 East 52nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10022.

Smoke-No-More Seminars are offered in Austin, Texas. A \$125 fee is charged for seven weekly two-and-one-half-hour sessions and follow-up programs. Professional counselors conduct group and individual sessions in a gradual withdrawal program. Write

to P. O. Box 5486, Austin, Texas 78763.

Some local Seventh-Day Adventist churches may be able to provide information about programs in your area, or you can write to the American Cancer Society, P. O. Box 218, Fairview, New Jersey 07022; the American Lung Association, 1740 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10019; or the American Heart Association, 44 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y. 10010.

For additional information, you can write to: the National Clearinghouse for Smoking and Health, Center for Disease Control, 1600 Clifton Road, N.E., Building 9, Atlanta, Georgia 30333; Action on Smoking and Health, P. O. Box 19556, Washington, D.C. 20006; Narcotics Education, Inc., P. O. Box 4390, Washington, D.C. 20012. 



SWEETEST GIRL

(continued from page 80)

"Want to take anything in?" he asked her.

"Ah, leave it," Charles said. "Let's go in."

They went to the cabin. Nancy walked close to Eugene, following Charles into a small, cheaply furnished living room. Eugene noticed a newspaper—dated two days earlier. Charles picked up the paper and went down a small hall at the left. The house looked lived in. Nancy stayed by a table, looking down as Eugene went to a door on the right and looked into a bedroom. A bed with rumpled sheets and two pillows, toiletry on a chest and a small bedside table. He looked back. Nancy was watching him.

"Why don't y'all just go ahead and make yourselves comfortable," Charles yelled. "Git reacquainted. I'll rustle up some grits 'n' eggs. Good ol' Charlie, they call me. Jest about the nicest guy you'll meet."

Eugene looked for the phone. There had been a line coming in. As he reached the short hallway, Charles filled it, appearing out of a room at its end. He barred the way and smiled. Eugene glanced past him.

"Where's the bathroom?" Eugene asked.

"Right here," Charles took Eugene by the arm, gently pushed him inside a door on the left hall wall. Eugene closed the door. There had been a curtain on the right hall wall, the bedroom side, and an open door to a

back room. Eugene looked around the small bathroom. Smell of cheap soap. He listened at the door. Someone was just outside. He flushed the toilet, washed his face and hands and dried them on a dirty towel. He opened the door quickly, turning toward the back, and met Charles, who quickly led him back into the living room.

"Now I'm gonna leave y'all to git acquainted and have fun. You know where the bedroom is. I think you'll find it more comfortable," Charles said.

He deposited Eugene next to Nancy and laughed.

"Now just forgit about me. Won't be no interruptions. I'll jest yell when supper's ready, then y'all come and git it, or you can request room service."

He laughed and walked down the hall. Eugene turned to Nancy. She brushed by him and walked into the bedroom. He followed her, not liking the way it felt. Once inside, he took her arm. She stopped and flinched. Then she seemed to melt, turning, sinking into his arms. He held her, amazed. He closed the door with his foot. She moved backward, holding him. Against the hallside wall, a full-length mirror showed Eugene what he could hardly believe: a strange, sensuous girl clinging to him. Stretching her arms around his neck, on tiptoe, her dress rode up her legs. In the mirror, Eugene continued to watch their movements. Nan-

cy urgently pressed into him. *My God.*

"Nancy," he whispered, breathing into her fragrant hair. "Nancy?"

She lifted her head and looked at him shyly.

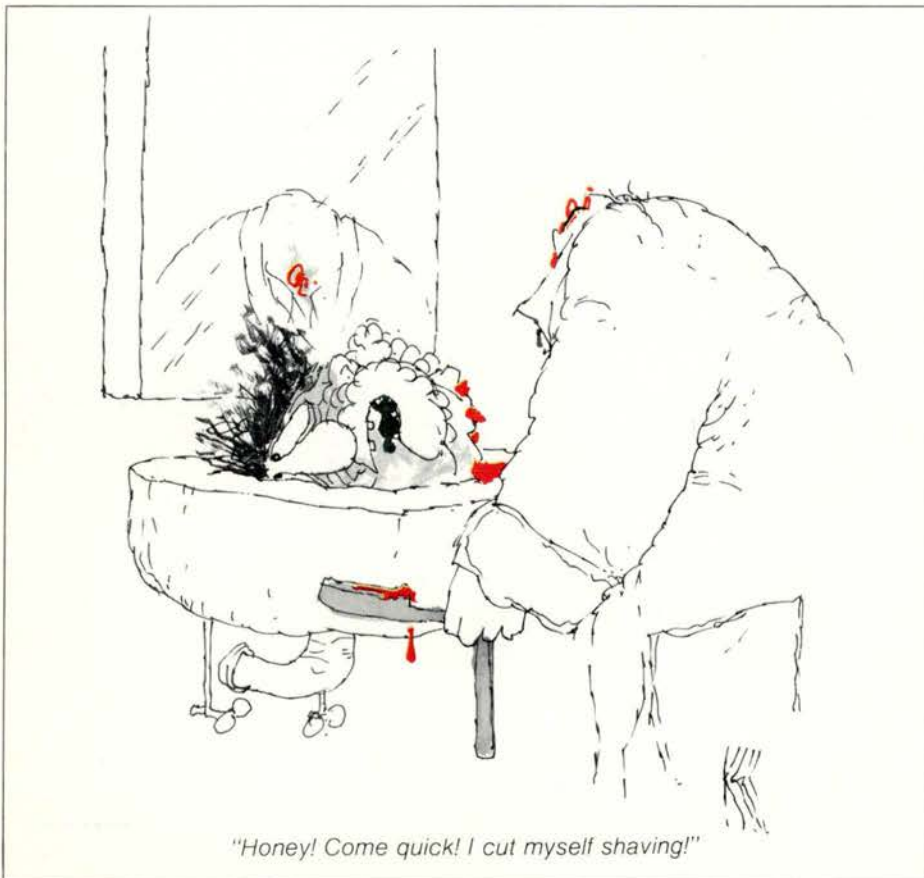
"Nancy," he whispered, "What's goin' on here?"

Nancy pulled back and took the lapels of his coat and slipped it off, to the floor. Carefully she unbuttoned his shirt. Her cheek twitched. His shirt was pulled out and spread toward his arms. It slipped off and fell. Her cheek twitched as she spread her palms across his tight T-shirt. She put her face to his chest as her hand undid his belt. He watched her in the mirror. She was possessed. Her long fingers tugged his T-shirt out and slid under it, onto his skin. He shivered. The shirt came up. He lifted his arms, and she pulled it over his shoulders and left it up, covering his head. Her lips pressed into his chest. He flinched and pulled the shirt off and dropped it. She unzipped his pants. They fell. She pulled them off, then his loafers, then his socks. She rose on her knees, her face stopping in front of his crotch. His penis protruded in his undershorts like a big nose. Slowly she pulled the elastic band down over the erection. She held the band on the head, forcing it down, and moved slowly above it. As she pulled the band away, the penis sprang out, and she caught it deftly in her mouth. *My God,* he thought. He grabbed her head.

He closed his eyes, relaxed, enjoyed what Nancy was doing. Until a sound intruded—shuffling in the hall. There were no kitchen noises. Eugene looked for a peephole, stepping back, and her mouth moved with him. He pulled her head back gently, knelt and looked into her glazed eyes. He pulled her up, into his arms. They fell on the bed. He undressed her, clawing, pulling.

He groped, kissed her all over. She was still, giving in. He did everything he could think of, gently but swiftly. He turned her over, positioned her like a doll, kissed, caressed, licked, prodded and ended face to face, grunting and shoving until he shuddered. Then he collapsed on her.

For long minutes he lay content, unthinking. Then she moved from under him and rolled him over on his back. He lay there as she had, compliant. She performed on him, swiftly, smoothly. He was aroused again, but each time he tried to move, she resisted and continued what she was doing. Eventually she was sitting on him, her back to his face, riding up and down, gasping. She cried out, shivered, cried out again, again. He shuddered and came as she fell face forward between his legs. "My God," he said.



"Honey! Come quick! I cut myself shaving!"

When he could move again, he sat up. She looked beautiful to him. He crawled and lay next to her. He put his arm around her and kissed her.

"Nancy, you are fantastic." She didn't move, but purred.

"Nancy, I want to ask you... is Charles really your neighbor?"

Her eyes opened and closed. He waited.

"Nancy, if something's wrong, I want to help."

Her eyes opened, and she put her fingers to her lips. Eugene glanced to the wall and back, putting his lips to her ear. "What's wrong?"

"I can't talk," she whispered.

A chill went down his spine.

"Hey! Y'all ready to eat yet?" Charles boomed from behind the wall.

"Good timing," Eugene said. "He wants to film us at it, doesn't he?"

"Shhh," she said. She looked frightened.

"I ain't supposed to tell," she whispered.

"He's already done it."

Eugene looked up, around the room. "The mirror?"

She nodded. Charles beat on the door.

"Hey, y'all lovebirds, y'all can eat now. I'm goin' out to the car."

They heard him walk to the door, open and shut it, and cross the porch.

"He's goin' to git the gun," Nancy said. She rose up.

"What?" Eugene jumped up.

"He thinks you're goin' to be trouble. He heard you."

"Trouble!" Eugene bristled. He felt dizzy.

"What does he want?"

Nancy sat up and slipped the dress over her head.

"I'm getting out of here," Eugene said. He fumbled with his clothes, pulling everything on in fast jerks. "What trouble? What kind?"

"He's afraid you might not like it and tell."

"Tell what, for God's sake?"

He had his clothes and shoes on, shirt and pants half closed, socks in his pocket. Sitting on the bed, Nancy stared at him.

"He'll hurt you," she said.

Eugene locked the door and pushed the small chest in front of it. He pulled up the window. It was a short drop to the ground.

"Come with me," he said.

He held out his hand. She looked down. They could hear the car door shutting. He took her hand and pulled her to the window.

"Let's get out of here."

"I can't."

"You can't? You can! When he comes in, we'll go out the window quietly. We'll run to the service station and call the police."

"The po-lice?" she gasped. She looked at him as if he were crazy.

"Sure," he said. "He's got a gun. He's making you do *this*."



"We'll take the big one with the red hair and freckles."

Nancy shook her head. They could hear Charles near the porch. The front door opened. Eugene put one leg over the windowsill.

"I'll get the police."

"It's no use," she said.

He drew his other leg up to the sill. "What?"

"I'm his wife."

He was struck dumb. He blinked.

"Hey, y'all lovebirds. Supper's gittin' cold. Shake a leg."

Charles was somewhere in the hall.

"I'll get the police anyway," Eugene said.

She ran over to him and held his arm.

"Don't," she said. "It's no use."

She kissed him and shoved him out. He dropped to the ground, stumbled up and looked at her in the window. Her eyes were wet.

"Is this the role you play?" he said. "Are the cameras still rolling?"

She shook her head sideways.

"Come with me," he said.

She shook her head. "I can't."

He turned away, and she shouted, "Eugene!" He looked back.

"I wish I could," she said.

"Hey, what's goin' on in there?" Charles yelled from somewhere far off. "Ain't y'all got a big got-acquainted appetite?"

Eugene ran to the car, threw open the back door, grabbed his suitcase, looked back and ran up the short driveway to the road. He cut left and broke swiftly up the paved road. In the bright twilight ahead, he could see the service station lights where the road met the highway.

He ran as fast as he could, straining with his luggage. *Get the police only if he follows.* He was gasping as the station sign grew larger. He kept dodging as if he were a target. But no shots rang out. He was going to make it. He could see the attendant by the pumps. There was no sound from behind. Nothing but the sound of Nancy wishing.

As he approached the paved lot, he slowed his pace and looked back. Charles was aiming at him. Eugene fell to the ground. He held his breath and looked up. Charles was still aiming at him with something on his shoulder. It was a big movie camera. Eugene blinked. Charles took the camera from his shoulder and walked slowly back into his driveway.

WHO
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HUSTLER

Beaver Hunt

This month's beaver hunt has nothing to do with Valentine's Day because we figure sentimentality has nothing much to do with horniness. Our girls are not painted pixies. They are sexual animals and sweet talk doesn't impress them a damn bit. Translate your pride in your woman into action. Why not show the world just what kind of beaver you've bagged? For excitement, it certainly beats bare-assed cupids on a Hallmark card.

To enter the contest, simply send a sharply focused HUSTLER-style color photograph—no black and white photos, please—of your nude model to HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. We'd also like a short personality profile of your entry. Coax her to be as candid as possible. We must have a signed copy

of the model's release form that appears on page 111. Sorry, but all photos sent in will become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER magazine.

If we publish your girl's picture, you will receive a \$50 contributor's fee. A HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's license will be awarded to all amateur photographers who enter the contest, and your Honey will have the chance to appear in a future HUSTLER pictorial spread—if she is judged Best Amateur Beaver by a panel of degenerate HUSTLER staffers. Should we decide to use the winner in a future photo layout in HUSTLER, she will be paid (\$750-\$1500) as a professional model. Send her picture in today. It will pop the eyes of those snotty grandchildren she'll end up saddled with 30 years from now.

Photo by Jim Fromme



Kitty O'Neill, 18, is a waitress from Shawnee Mission, Kansas. She has no hobbies other than "young men, acting and getting high." She tells us she can make a sex fantasy out of "everything and anything."

Photo by James Brooks



Linda Brooks, age 18, is a Vossburg, Mississippi, housewife. She likes to model for her husband, as she's done here, and she sometimes imagines a threesome with her husband and other girls.

Mary Ann Pape, 20, is from Huntington, New York. A model, she loves to dance and often imagines torrid interludes with guys she sees on the street.



Photo by Norman Lyons

Ingrid Weiner, 29, is from West Germany, where she works as a "Verkauferrin" (your guess is as good as ours). Her hobbies are "dancing and loving," and her sexual daydreams involve getting it on with two women and one man at the same time.



Photo by H. Weiner



Photo by Keith Poirier

Debra Cobb, 22, lives in Hialeah, Florida. Debra is a dancer and loves horseback riding, traveling and nudist camps. She gets turned on by showing men her body and what she can do with it.

Deborah Higgins is 18 years old and comes from Lake Katrine, New York. She likes to swim, and it took some coaxing to get her to admit that she gets wet whenever she thinks about certain "macho" movie stars.

Photo by Jim Henderson



Photo by William Zacher, Jr.

Becky H., a waitress from Indianapolis, age 26, loves to strike modeling poses like this one for her friends. Becky is into fantasies of group sex.



Norma Salus, of Philadelphia, claims to be a 33-year-old model. Her fantasies involve animals and group orgies, and she enjoys reading, playing blackjack and chess.

Photo by Mel Popover



Erika Cacace is 24 and works as a Manchester, Connecticut, secretary. A skiing buff, she tells us that someday she'd like to come down from the mountains and make it on the beach with as many guys as she could handle.

Linda Kaplan is a 24-year-old cosmetology student from Philadelphia. She moonlights as a singer and enjoys tennis, swimming and outdoor sex. The idea of involving her limber body in a three-way affair excites her.



Photo by Leroy A. Hanks, Jr.

Photo by Randy Greenough

Photo by Frank Ruane



Sandy Ruane, age 25, is a Catonsville, Maryland, housewife. She is currently taking belly-dancing lessons and dreams of making love on a stage in front of a large audience.

Clitoria E. Cummings (as she calls herself) is a "pin-up entertainer," from Santa Cruz, California. The 27-year-old writes that her hobbies are "Counseling men-opausal men and molesting male virgins." One day she hopes to direct a musical called "The Nude Naughty Nun Review, or Why Do Prostitutes File Their Teeth?" For originality, there's nun to compare with Clitoria.

Photo by Eldon Shepherd



Debra Shepherd is a 19-year-old dental technician from Flint, Michigan. She's a gal who likes to model and fiddle around with macrame. Her fantasies? "You wouldn't believe me if I told you," she says.

Charlene, 25, hails from Los Alamitos, California. She likes oil painting, sky diving and skiing, but she says what she would really like is her very own harem—"about 40 or 50 handpicked men from all over the world."

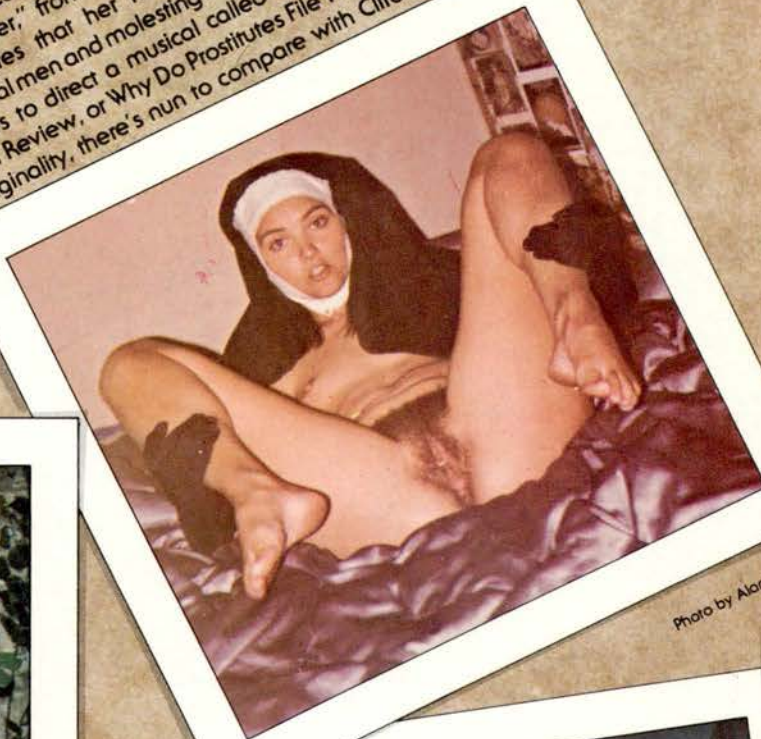


Photo by Alan Smith



Photo by Dennis

KINKY KORNER

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning your sexual encounters? If you do, write it down and send it to HUSTLER's *Kinky Korner*, the section of the magazine written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story published. Your submission should be approximately nine typed pages in length and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped return envelope.

LICKING THE CURSE

by Lily Wilson

I am a sexually liberated woman. I've tried many sex techniques, and I must admit that I have enjoyed them all. Sex has been one of my favorite pastimes since I was 14.

However, like many other women, I have always been a little self-conscious about having sex during my period, even though that's when I'm horniest. And besides, how do you tell a guy who is ready and willing that you are ragging it, especially if you are mentally prepared for a good fuck? Even if it wouldn't bother him, it's easy to get upset at the sight of your own blood all over him, the sheets and yourself. Until recently, I have always found these encounters to be very awkward, but after my latest sexual interlude, I figure I can handle anything.

After a hard week at work, made tougher because I was on the rag, I was looking forward to a relaxing weekend at home. I went to my apartment, changed into a T-shirt and jeans, fixed a drink and began reading a sexy novel. This was probably a mistake since I was already horny, but I thought it might be the only satisfaction I would get until "the curse" was over.

I had almost resigned myself to a dull weekend when Brad came down to my apartment. I had met him when I was moving in, and he'd helped me bring some of my stuff up to my apartment. We occasionally saw each other in the elevator or the laundry room. We always chatted, but it never amounted to anything more than that. Brad is younger than me. I had wondered if that made a difference because I had tried to let him know that I was interested in him. He was dark and sported a close-cropped beard, and his body seemed well proportioned, judging by the way his clothes clung to him.

Later in the evening, I found out that he was separated from his wife and was not accustomed to coming on to girls. This was apparent by the way he shyly asked if it was all right for him to come in to visit me. Not only was it all right, but I was ready to climb all over him right there in the doorway. But hell, here was somebody to see me, and I was on the rag. I knew I was about to blow what could've become a good relationship.



We talked for a while, and then he asked me if I'd like to take a swim in the apartment pool. I tingled all over at the thought, since water seems to make me feel sexier, and it would give me a chance to see more of Brad's body. Since I wear tampons, being on the rag wouldn't interfere with this little bit of fun.

Brad went back to his place to change and then met me in the basement, where the indoor pool is located.

We got into the heated water right away, and that made me hornier than ever. We swam around for a while, and then Brad began diving off the board. I started diving, too, although the bottoms of my swimsuit kept sliding down. I'd had enough to drink, so this didn't bother me—and Brad certainly seemed to be enjoying it.

After a while, we went up to my place to dry off and have something to eat. As we sat together on the couch, Brad asked if I would like to go skinny-dipping. It was late, and no one had been at the pool when we were down there before, but my bloody cunt was really getting to me now. I didn't know how I would explain it to Brad, and I was sure that it would put him off and ruin a good evening.

I made some excuse about being embarrassed, but he wouldn't listen. Finally I had to tell him I was on the rag. To my surprise, he wasn't bothered by that a bit and said that if I wasn't flowing heavy, there was nothing to worry about. He even joked that the chlorine in the water would be good for me. I didn't know whether he had had so much to drink he didn't understand what I was saying, or whether he thought I was dumb enough to swim in the nude without a tampon while I was on the rag. Brad was serious, and I was that dumb.

I pulled on my swimsuit, and we went downstairs. I was really freaked out about the whole situation, but Brad still wouldn't take no for an answer. When we got to the pool, I dived in, and my suit slipped down as usual. I took off the bottoms and threw them over to the side of the pool. Then I unhooked my top and tossed it off to the side of the pool, leaving myself completely exposed under water. Brad stripped at the side of the pool and dived in.

It only took a few minutes to realize that I wasn't flowing into the water, and I felt so free that I began splashing and playing, really letting myself go.

We began throwing a ball back and forth and then tossing it and racing for it. There was a lot of body contact in this, but it seemed to be a big part of the game. Then, instead of going after the ball, Brad went after me, catching me in his arms. With

my back to him, I could feel his hard cock against my ass, and his hands took my firm breasts and squeezed them. He began planting kisses on the back of my neck and nibbling my ear. I immediately turned around to him, and we kissed and explored each other's mouths with our tongues. I wrapped my arms and legs around him and held him close to me. The feeling of our wet, naked bodies pressed together and the passion of our kisses told me that, rag or no rag, I was going to bed with this guy.

Without even bothering to dress, we grabbed our swimsuits and raced for the elevator. When we got inside the apartment, we embraced and kissed. Brad's hands roamed down my sides, across my back and over my ass, occasionally squeezing my round cheeks and then running his hands back up my sides to my breasts. I was trembling all over and didn't know if I could stand up much longer.

Brad must have been getting weak-kneed, too, because he led me into the bedroom and we both fell onto the bed, kissing and feeling each other. I was prepared to lie back and enjoy a good fuck, and to hell with the sheets.

Brad's hands fondled my tits, squeezing and caressing them softly, occasionally running his fingers over my erect nipples and, taking them between his thumb and forefinger, began to lightly pinch them.

He started to kiss and lick my boobs, his tongue covering every inch of my tender flesh.

Meanwhile, his hands continued to softly brush the flesh over my stomach, ass and thighs. Finally, his hand went down across my bush to my cunt, which he cupped in his hand and fondled as he had done with my breasts. I knew he probably didn't want to put his fingers in my cunt because of the blood, but by now I wanted it very badly.

As he played with my cunt, he trailed kisses down to my stomach. He kissed and licked the entire area, at last parting my cunt lips with his fingers and rubbing them along my entire slit. He parted the inner lips and ran his fingers up to my clit, playing there for a while, then ran his fingers back down the outside of my lips. Eventually, he began sticking a finger in my cunt as part of this rhythm. His kisses were going from my breasts to my stomach and back again, and as he started to finger me, he began to kiss my thighs and, then, all around my bush.

Then his head went toward my cunt, and I pulled back. I reminded him that I was on the rag, but he said that was the best time to eat cunt, since it was most sensitive then. I couldn't believe he meant it. I'd never had a

guy go down on me while I was on the rag, and some wouldn't even fuck.

His caresses drove me wild, and I didn't care that I was bleeding. He put his mouth down over my clit, at first planting kisses on it and then sucking on it gently. He got between my legs and placed his hands on either side of my cunt, spreading it apart and licking my clit with a passion. I figured this would be OK as long as he stayed up

His tongue and fingers were caressing me as if I were full of honey instead of blood.

around my clit, but soon his tongue probed up and down my slit. It felt so good that I just let the waves of pleasure rush over me.

There are few things I like better than being eaten, and since I hadn't had sex in a while, it only took me a few minutes to come. But Brad didn't stop. He ate my pussy as if his life depended on it. Besides licking my slit and sucking and tonguing my clit, he spread my cunt with his fingers, moving them in circles around my lips and hole. He stuck a finger or two in me and pumped them in and out.

By this time, I was almost going crazy. His tongue went to town on my pussy, his fingers probed in both my holes and his heavy breath let me know he was enjoying himself. I came again, nearly clawing the sheets off the bed, before he stopped.

When he'd finished, I wanted to reward him, so I moved down to his cock and took it into my mouth. I cupped his balls in my hands, squeezing them lightly, and took his whole prick in my mouth, sucked on it and ran my tongue around it. I moved my head in a circular motion with his dong stuffed in my mouth and then pulled back up to the head, sucking hard until I reached the tip. Then I ran my tongue around it and placed my fingers around the shaft. The saliva on his cock enabled me to move my fingers up and down with ease.

I repeated this action several times before I took his cock from my mouth. Then I


moved down to suck his balls, one at a time, and ran my tongue around them as I had done on his prick. I licked all around his balls and then started in on his cock again.

He pulled away from me, and I thought I had done something wrong, but he turned me over and got into a 69 position. Once again I had his cock in my mouth, but now he was eating my pussy, bringing me off for the fourth time with his tongue and fingers taking advantage of me as if my cunt were full of sweet honey instead of blood.

When I stopped shuddering, he rolled over on his back and asked me to sit on his face. Eating my bloody pussy when I was lying on my back was one thing, but I was sure if I sat on his face I would flow all over him. But none of my reservations seemed to matter to either him or me now, and so I positioned myself over his face and let him tongue me for a fifth time. His tongue was concentrated directly on my clit now, and his hands moved from my boobs to my ass as he licked and sucked on my swollen clit. I nearly collapsed on top of him when I came. Then he moved my body lower, put his cock in my cunt and began to pound into me, holding his hands on my hips to control the momentum of our fuck. I was trying to hold out so that he could fuck me as long as possible, but all this action had been too much for me, and I came again.

I raised up off him and immediately went down to his cock. It didn't matter to me if it was covered with blood. If he could eat my pussy that way, the least I could do was suck the cock that was covered with my own blood. I didn't notice any foul taste and was only interested in one thing—bringing him off in my mouth. By now he was ready to come, and I could feel the hot spurts of his jizz in my mouth as his cock stiffened even more and began exploding. I licked the last salty drops of his sperm from his cock and then lay next to him, hugging and kissing him in appreciation.

Then I noticed the blood—all over his face, chest, stomach and cock. His fingernails were caked with it, too. I was past any kind of embarrassment now, so I went to the bathroom, soaped up a washcloth and came back in to wipe him off. He just smiled as I washed the red stains from his skin. It took two washings to get all of it off.

I came back to bed, and he returned my caresses. We fell asleep curled up in each other's arms, ending one of the strangest nights of my life. However, that kind of activity isn't strange to me anymore, and because of that night I can be a full sexual creature any time—and especially at "that time of the month." 

Sam Roth

(continued from page 93)

what's more they wouldn't be interested in what he was peddling. What kid could stay awake long enough to get through the first ten pages of *American Aphrodite*?

In any case, pornography, Sam said, if that was what Kefauver wished to call it, had no more impact on the sensibilities of a juvenile than the dress or behavior of people on the street. "I believe the people who have criticized me are wrong," he stated. "I believe you are a great deal more wrong than they are, because you are sitting in judgment of me, and I believe that I will someday within the very near future convince you that you are wrong."

Kefauver was grimly skeptical. "It will take a good deal of convincing," he replied.

"I will do it," Sam declared, with that wonderful optimism of his.

But he didn't do it. Kefauver never was convinced.

Meanwhile, the New York County charges were dropped, but in mid-July of 1955 Sam was indicted on no less than 26 counts in a United States District Court for sending obscene books, periodicals and

advertisements of them through the mails. Sam pleaded not guilty. He always pleaded not guilty. He fought the indictment, and up to a point he didn't do too badly. Twenty-two of the counts were eventually dropped. But all it takes is one.

What convicted Sam was a fragment of a novel that included Aubrey Beardsley illustrations—*Venus and Tannhauser*—which had appeared in the third edition of *American Aphrodite*. As the prosecutor denounced the obscenity of *Venus and Tannhauser*, he mentioned that the artist and author himself had abjured it from his deathbed, blaming his publisher for printing it. What the prosecutor purposely forgot to mention was that the publisher Beardsley cursed with his dying words was not Samuel Roth. In fact, Sam had been a four-year-old child at the time, still living in Nustscha. But to the 12 ignorant jurors, Beardsley was incriminating Sam over a yawning gap of 58 years.

Sam was convicted. He appealed, but the U. S. Court of Appeals upheld the ruling. However, one of the three district court judges effectively bundled up the case for a U. S. Supreme Court review. However, the question of the constitutionality of federal obscenity statutes was left unanswered, so Sam then took his case to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Impatiently, Sam waited. He could not believe that his final appeal would be turned down.

When the Supreme Court confirmed the lower courts' decisions, without even determining whether the Beardsley reprint was in effect obscene, Sam had no option. His prison days, which had seemed like a thing of the past, now loomed before him as an endless future. An old veteran, he returned to Lewisburg for five years.

Ironically, the Court's decision, handed down in *Roth v. United States*, paved the way for such controversial novels as Burroughs's *Naked Lunch*, Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, Harris's *My Life & Loves*, and Sam's favorite, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. So long as they were considered "socially redeeming" no one could successfully censor them. The Court's new definition of obscenity was now more liberal than it had ever been. Even *Fanny Hill* was OK.

Sam Roth was the martyr, the victim of his times and his obsession. He had done all the reconnaissance work and had gone where no one else had dared to go, and consequently he was the first to be shot down. He'd once proclaimed himself to be "a lion in a den of Daniels." Maybe it was more a case of a bull in a china shop.

Emerging from prison, Sam was a tired, broken man. He spent his remaining years in semiretirement, enduring until his heart finally gave out on him on July 3, 1974. He was 79 years old.

It has grown much later in the day; the clock in his study shows that it is long since time for bed. Perhaps, he thinks, he will read just one more manuscript before giving up for the day.

Invitation to Live by someone named J. S. English is what he picks up from his cluttered desk. A very slender story about an old man attracted to a young girl on a subway car. "What a lovely pastime, the old man thought, to be her protector, guide, adviser and loving friend.... He could never hurt her.... Why, she could almost serve as penance for his past, and so help him finally to find peace and contentment." The station comes into view; the two of them move simultaneously towards the door. "Perhaps, perhaps—who knew? Perhaps Fate was offering him this wonderful opportunity to live again!"

Sam sighs. The detectives, the paddy wagons, the courtrooms, lawyers, prisons, prosecutors, indictments all vanish from his mind. There is only this one thought left in Sam Roth's mind: "Madly, stumblingly, confusedly, almost sobbing he reached for her. She gave him a knowing, sensual look, and the two hurried down the darkening street together."



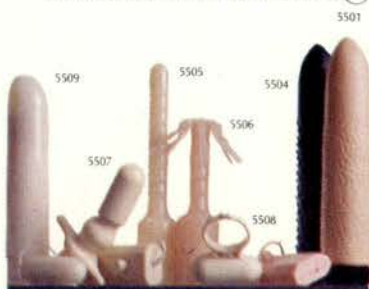
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ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 12)

I am a gay college student with a big problem. I now live in an apartment with two guys who are bisexual. For five years, we have been having sex together and sleeping in a bed that's designed for three. Last week they told me that if I didn't cut off my cock within a month, they would tell my family that I'm homosexual. If they do this, my life will be ruined. My roommates have talked to other gays who are also intimidating me. What should I do?

D. G.

New York, New York

Move.

My cock is crooked, and this has bothered me for quite some time. When I have a hard-on, it is straight, but when it goes limp it tends to lean toward the left. Many girls have noticed this and wondered what's wrong. Other guys have told me it's due to masturbating with one hand. Is it true that one should alternate hands when masturbating? I only use my right hand. What should I do?

G. B.

Memphis, Tennessee

Beating off will not make your cock crooked. Don't bother switching hands unless your right gets tired. As long as your cock is straight when erect, and you have no pain or difficulty in penetrating your girl, there is nothing wrong. Most men dress left; consequently, your cock tends to fall to the left also. Think of it as a conversation piece.

My wife and I are in our early 30s and are both bisexual. We practically live for sex! We don't care for orgies or for group sex but frequently acquire partners in a different way. We take turns driving around until we find an appealing young male or female hitchhiker. It generally ends up in a three-way that is terrific. Do you think we are doing anything that's really wrong in "recruiting" playmates in this manner? We crave the variety and of course only take home the willing pickups.

C. J.

Marietta, Ohio

You're leaving yourself wide open to get screwed in more ways than one. If one of your pickups happens to repent the night's activities, you could be charged with rape or corrupting the morals of a minor. The severity of these charges varies with the age of the accuser. Proving that you are innocent can be a time-consuming and expensive chore. Locate swingers groups in nearby cities, or read the swingers magazines, such as Seekers or Select. These people will at least be fully aware of the action you desire. It won't take any more gas or time than you're using already.

I am 18 years old and have a problem because of my bad acne. I have gone to a number of dermatologists and am currently under treatment with antibiotics. This has helped clear up my face and chest, but none of the treatments has helped my back. I was wondering if you knew of anything that could help get rid of the boil-like scars left on my back. I believe that this problem is driving me toward homosexuality. I've had a number of gay experiences, but I read that most men do; so I

think I'm normal. When I'm out with a girl, I always end up blowing it. I have never fucked a chick but have come close to it several times. When the opportunity is there, though, I get her clothes off and take off my pants, but I refuse to remove my shirt. That stops the fucking every time. I hope you can help me. I would really like to go all the way with my girlfriend, and I don't want to become a faggot.

S. B.

Reno, Nevada

Your doctors have undoubtedly prescribed the best medication for your acne. However, consult with them as well as with a plastic surgeon about the feasibility of having the scars removed. Many men do have at least one homosexual encounter during their lives, but don't let your back decide your sexual propensities. You will have to take off your shirt eventually for homosexual love, too. No reasonable man or woman will judge you as a person or lover by the scars on your back. The scars may bother your vanity, but they certainly have nothing to do with your fucking. You are either underestimating the women you know or are using your back as an easy rationalization for your homosexual activity.

One of my best friends told me that if you masturbate a lot you're much more likely to have premature ejaculations. I'm worried that if I keep beating off, I won't be able to last long when it comes to the real thing.

J. H.

Cincinnati, Ohio

You are worrying about nothing. Masturbation leads to faster ejaculations because you can regulate the sensations; it does not predispose you to come prematurely. During intercourse, the sensations are more generalized, so you should not worry about coming too quickly.

I wrote to the Hermes Foundation for one of the books mentioned in the column, but my letter was returned. Can you give me the right address?

A. R.

Piqua, Ohio

The Hermes Foundation, Box 3256, Rincon Annex, San Francisco, California 94101.

For all of my 17 years my mom and I got along great, but now we barely speak. You see, a few months ago dad was away on a business trip. Mom and I were watching TV when the doorbell rang. Mom answered it, and two masked men pushed their way into the house. They were very calm and proceeded to tell us they were going to rob us and get some sex, too. They said they had guns but wouldn't hurt us if we did what they said. For some reason they both decided they wanted mom (she's in her late 30s and has a good body). Well, mom became completely hysterical and began sobbing uncontrollably. I knew I had to think of something because I was afraid they'd hurt her if she did not cooperate. All of a sudden I heard myself say that I'd take care of them if they'd leave mom alone. I walked brazenly over



"Do you do noses?"



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0640	Med		12.50	
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to them and gave each of them the quickest head on record. To make sure they were satisfied, I let them come inside my mouth. Then they looked around the house for valuables, but we're sort of poor so they didn't get much.

Afterward, my mom called me cheap and disgusting for what I did. She said she doesn't do that to dad. Then she asked if I did that with my boyfriend (does the wind blow in a hurricane?). This is why mom won't speak to me. Dad and the police think the guys only robbed us because mom didn't want to tell the rest. I'm really at a loss. What should I do? How can I make peace with mom? She's acting like I enjoyed it. I didn't; no one likes sex forced on them. But I really believe that I used my head. What do you think?

S. C.
St. Paul, Minnesota

Look at the situation from your mom's point of view: Two men are just about to rape her, she is hysterical, and her innocent little 17-year-old daughter gives them a blow job. If your mom has never given head, she probably has some idea that it's immoral and repulsive. Apparently, you used the most expedient means to save your mother from a horrendous experience, but she probably doesn't see it that way. Most important is that you feel right in your own mind about what you did. You are old enough to think for yourself, and you must realize that your mother's generation has attitudes and beliefs you cannot share. You and your mom may never again have the happy relationship you enjoyed before, so be prepared. However, time will possibly change your mom's attitude.

I am a 35-year-old divorced male who likes a certain lady and she likes me. We each fuck anybody we want and neither gets jealous. If she and I were to get married and both continued fucking whomever we wanted, would it result in jealousy and possibly divorce? Or do you think such marriages work out? Neither of us wants to give up certain freedoms for the old-fashioned human bondage arrangement. I've heard of so-called swinging marrieds. Do they have good relationships?

J. W.
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

If you and your lady marry with the knowledge that each will continue screwing others, and if this arrangement is mutually satisfactory, you'll probably get along as well as you do now. One sociologist, who studied 100 swinging couples compared to 100 nonswinging couples, showed that 85 percent of the swingers felt that swinging did not pose a threat to their marriages. In fact, the majority thought it had helped improve their relationships. Conversely, the other couples and professionals believed that swinging is just a cover-up for some deep trouble in a marriage. Both sides do have valid arguments. If you are concerned that marriage could break up your relationship, why do it? You can live together and enjoy the freedom.

I have a rather unique problem. I've never experienced an orgasm with my first and only

girlfriend. I masturbate while looking at pictures of nude girls, especially those fine HUSTLER Honeys, and I come easily. I can't understand it. I love my lady. She was a virgin (like myself) before we got together. Her vagina is tight, which should aid me in really "getting off." I've been masturbating for only a couple of years and fucking her for almost a year. In all the times we've been together, I have never had an orgasm. Once I screwed her five times in two days, and she gave me good head action, before and after, and manipulated me with her hand, but no show. After she left, I pulled out a copy of HUSTLER and had an orgasm in only a few minutes. Tell me, what do these paper dolls have over my living doll?

Name Withheld by Request
Hampton, Virginia

If fucking isn't giving you the stimulation that your hand is, you won't achieve orgasm. Experiment with different positions with your girl and tell her what stimulates you. You might have some psychological hang-up, one you aren't even aware of. There could be several reasons for your inability to have an orgasm with your girl: fear of getting her pregnant, putting her on a pedestal where she is untouchable, or conversely, seeing her as less perfect than girls in a magazine. Go to a psychologist or psychiatrist or go to a city or state-supported mental health clinic. A psychologist may be able to spot the problem and recommend effective treatment. Discovering and overcoming the problem will give you a future of happy and enjoyable sex.

I have something wrong with my penis and hope you can help. While I was going through school, I noticed the penises of all my friends had exposed heads while mine was covered with skin. I think this might have something to do with circumcision, but I'm not really familiar with the subject. A girl I knew said that even if the head was covered with skin, the skin could be pulled back to expose the penis. My penis skin will not pull back, but when I was younger I used to peel it back easily enough. I am afraid I might have a serious problem and am very worried. Please give me an answer.

H. C.
Chicago, Illinois

Your foreskin (the skin covering the head of the penis) does not peel back because of adhesions that attach the foreskin to the head of the penis. This condition can be corrected by circumcision or by gradually (over a period of days or months) trying to peel back the foreskin. Go to a doctor. He will be able to tell which solution is best for you.

Circumcision is the surgical removal of the prepuce, or foreskin. It is a relatively simple procedure that will leave the head of your penis exposed. If your doctor advises circumcision, get it taken care of soon because inflammation and infection of the penis can occur. If you remain uncircumcised, peel back and wash the foreskin and head every time you bathe or shower. Not only is this a precaution against infection, it also prevents adhesions.

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 99). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER, Beaver Hunters Contest, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNTER MODEL RELEASE

Model's Name _____ Photographer: _____
Address _____ Send prize to: ☐ Model
_____ ☐ Other _____
Phone _____

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs, of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or

portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. Furthermore, I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photographs. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature: _____

MINOR: The person photographed is a minor. My signature grants my permission for the minor to be photographed and the photographs may be used as stated above.

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MODEL'S PERSONAL INFORMATION FOR BIOGRAPHY:

Age _____ Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

HONEY HOOKER

HEREIN LIES THE ORIGIN OF **HONEY HOOKER**: THE FIRST ADVENTURES OF THAT HEAVENLY WHORE WHO JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH.



WIM MCQUADE

IN SCHOOL HONEY LEARNED EARLY THE SECRETS OF ACADEMIC SUCCESS.

AHEM... ER... THE (CHOKE) GRADES ARE BOBBY BOOBS-D, SUZY SUCKS-D, **HONEY HOOKER** A+... (GASP, OH NO, I'M CUMING!)



HONEY WAS ALSO POPULAR WITH THE OTHER CHILDREN.

C'MON EVERYBODY! MOUTH TO CUNT, LIPS ON COCK, AND **SUCK!**



HONEY'S CHILDHOOD WAS TYPICAL OF ANY YOUNGSTER WHOSE MOTHER RAN A HIGH-CLASS WHOREHOUSE. EVEN NOW HER MOTHER REMEMBERS HER FIRST WORDS...

GOO! GOO! **FUCK YOU!**



HAVING LEARNED TO TALK, HONEY WASTED NO TIME GROWING UP.

HI, MISTER. YOU WANNA HAVE A PARTY?



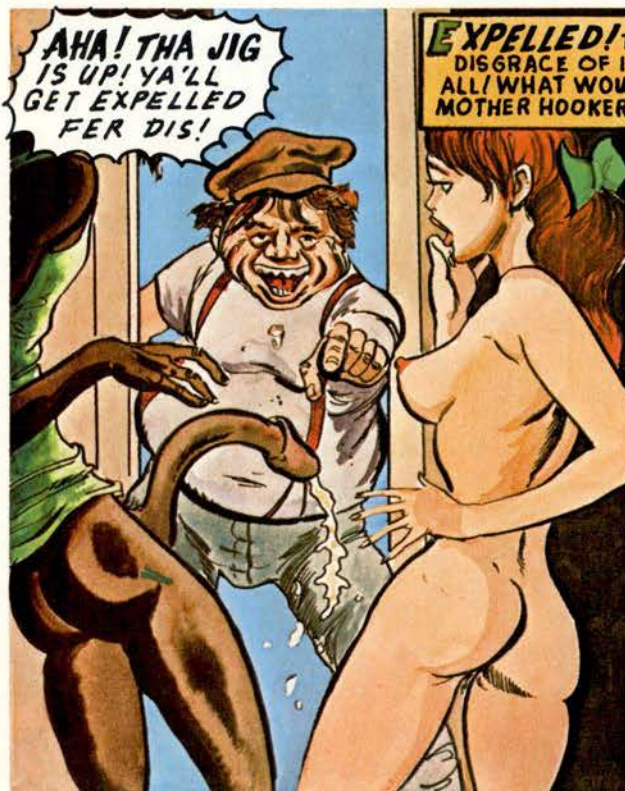
ON HIGH SCHOOL, HONEY SET HER SIGHTS... UH, **HIGH**. O.K. **SAMPSON** WAS THE STAR BASKETBALL PLAYER...

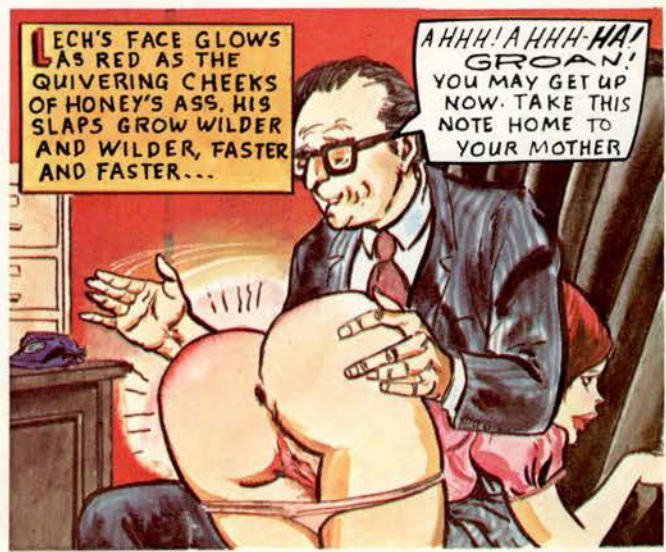
HEY, YOU AH CUTE CHICK. STILL HEB YO' CHERRY?

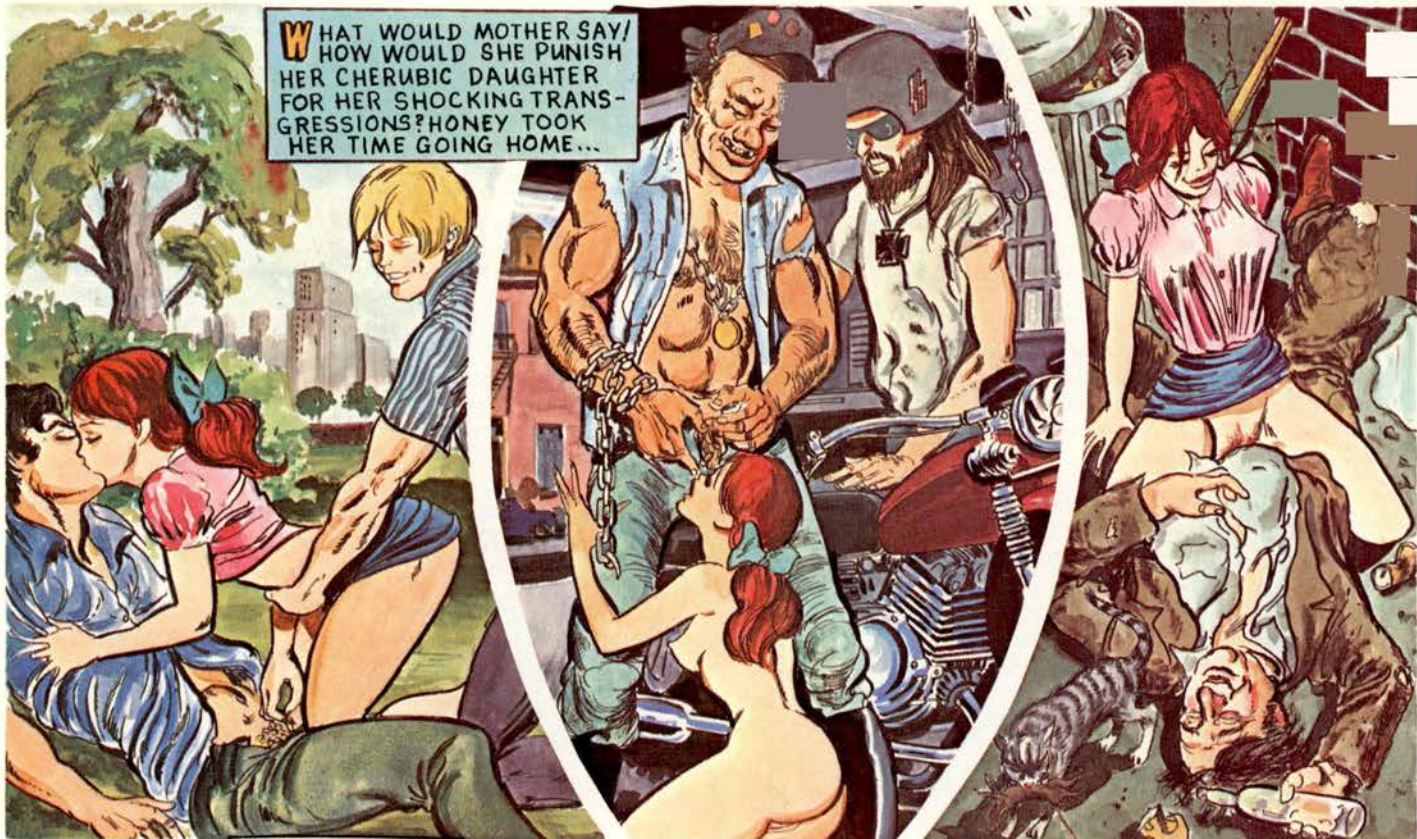
I GOT WHAT-EVER YOU WANT, LONG-BOY. BUT WHERE CAN WE GET IT ON?



MINUTES LATER, IN A TINY STORAGE CUPBOARD...







MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column will help to simplify ordering mail-order erotica. We will review any mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll actually receive when you order them. Companies that would like to have their products reviewed in this column are invited to send sample merchandise and information to *Mail-Order Feedback* (Product Review). We'll also inform customers of how to effectively deal with mail-order firms and alert readers to frauds and faulty products.

Edited by Steve Hanley

ACCU-JAC TALKS BACK

Funways, Inc., the manufacturers of the *Accu-Jac* mechanical masturbating machine, were unhappy with my negative review of their product in *HUSTLER*'s October 1976 issue. In defense of their mechanical marvel, Funways (Box 9691, North Hollywood, California 91609) wrote to *Mail-Order Feedback*, detailing their objections to the review:

"It is regrettable that the only opinion in your review of *Accu-Jac* was from someone who wasn't interested enough in the product to use it properly.

"Steve Hanley said that he did not achieve orgasm with our Variable Speed Model because the machine's penis-shaped sleeve massaged up and down his penis shaft but neglected the tip. If we had been given Steve's erect penis size, we would have sent seven custom-fitted, differently shaped sleeves, designed for both penis-shaft and penis-head massaging combinations.

"Hanley also stated that the stroke of the machine was too regular and unbroken. Why didn't he check the variable speed feature to alleviate this problem?

"Hanley concluded his review by saying he didn't get off on *Accu-Jac* because he 'needs humanity on his dork, even if it has to be his own hand.' We are the first to acknowledge that mechanized masturbation is not for everyone. Obviously, if one is intimidated by machines, or doesn't like masturbation, has no sexual imaginative powers and is hooked on human sex to the exclusion of mechanized 'partners,' *Accu-Jac*'s not for him.

"In these sexually enlightened times, it's highly unusual to find someone who doesn't reach orgasm with *Accu-Jac* (even if he tries not to). Hanley's review doesn't reflect that we have thousands of very 'gratified' customers and have received hundreds of unsolicited letters praising our products and service."

Funways, your objections are noted. I'm sorry you got the impression from the October review that I gave *Accu-Jac* a cursory and disinterested test. Space limitations prevented me from giving a blow-by-blow description of my experience with the machine. But rest assured, I gave it a very thorough and probing test over the course of an evening, utilizing both the variable speed feature and the seven penis sleeves that came with *Accu-Jac*.

Unfortunately, I didn't come with *Accu-Jac*, and I was obliged to report that fact to *Mail-Order Feedback*'s readers. I conceded in the review that my reactions to the *Accu-Jac*—or lack of same—were due to "my own personal requirements for a satisfying sexual experience.... If your needs are different from mine, the *Accu-Jac* might be just the ticket for you."

Speaking of my personal sexual requirements, the implications you made that I have "no sexual imaginative powers" and "don't like masturbation" were totally unfounded. Everybody here at *HUSTLER* knows I'm the biggest jerk-off on the entire staff.



THE FUCKING G.I.

The Japanese geisha's submissive sensuality is a big favorite with a lot of American guys, and after viewing this movie, it isn't hard to understand why. Two superfine pieces of Nipponese nookie work in tandem in this film to bring off an American soldier, and the lucky guy has only to lie back as he gets his joint royally serviced.

The actresses in *Fucking G.I.* strip off their kimonos to reveal typically compact Oriental bodies with firm, medium-size tits and sparse cunt hair. Number-one Nookie is played by Jasmine (*HUSTLER*'s April 1976 cover girl), who has been in so many fuck flicks her gash should be dipped in wet cement at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. But Jasmine's overexposed body still stimulates hard-ons here, as she and Nip Nookie Number two alternate deep-throat drafts on the dogface's wang. The footage of Jasmine first fingering, then tonguing the N. N. Number two's asshole while Number two rides the G.I.'s peg is also a turn-on.

When the soldier pulls out of Number-two Slant-Eye's box, Jasmine dives into the action to field his erupting load with her lips. Nip Nookie Number two delicately licks all the cum off Jasmine's muzzle and then swabs Jasmine's twitching clit with her jizz-laden tongue in a lesbo finale that should give the viewer a new sexual slant.

This *Terry and the Pirates* wet dream is well photographed and is sharply focused, giving the film a high-class look. *The Fucking G.I.* is in regular 8mm color and costs \$20 from VIP International, P. O. Box 3496, Baltimore, Maryland 21226. The word in the industry is that VIP International is a reliable mail-order outfit. However, since this is our first encounter with them, we would really appreciate feedback from readers about good or bad experiences they have had with VIP International.

FEEDBACK LETTERS

I ordered an adult magazine assortment, plus "10 Free Gifts" from *Dynamic Distributors, Inc.* (P. O. Box 2900, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017). My check cleared the bank, and I received an acknowledgment card from *Dynamic*, but I haven't gotten my order after almost four months. Nor has there been any response to the two letters I sent trying to goose *Dynamic* into action.

I ordered these items through the company's direct-mail advertising, but I noticed that your magazine advertised the same offer from *Dynamic Distributors* in a few issues. What gives with this shit?

R. S.
Brooklyn, New York

Dynamic Distributors explained that their service has been sagging lately due to a flood of orders during last summer. They assured us they've gotten their back-order problem bailed out now, and your order should be arriving in the near future. However, let us know if it doesn't, and we will attempt to rectify the matter with Dynamic Distributors, Inc.

Two months ago, I complained to you about the *Overlook Company*; yet it still advertises in your magazine. In February 1976, I mailed \$1 to *Overlook* for postage and handling of their advertised "new sex education and information" package. I have received nothing. I don't want my dollar back. I want the \$21 worth of the material offered for that dollar in the ad in your magazine. I'm sorry to put you to so much trouble, but believe me, I do not intend to let this thing "blow over."

T. P.
St. Petersburg, Florida

Because of many complaints from readers, Overlook Company is no longer an advertiser in HUSTLER. Overlook's final ad appeared in our September 1976 issue. The September issue closed May 1, 1976, months before you sent this letter. The thing you do not realize is that it takes about four months from the time we begin editing an issue till the time it is on the stands. Our decision in June to terminate Overlook Company would not be reflected until the October issue of HUSTLER went on sale. We are very sorry about this confusion and delay.

If you have any problems with the service you receive from any mail-order advertisers, including those in *HUSTLER*, write us a letter so we can alert other readers to possible rip-offs. Include the firm's name, address and all pertinent facts about the incident. We'll contact the firm and check it out. If you have dealt with a good, reliable company, we would like to know that, too. Address your letters to: *Mail-Order Feedback*, *HUSTLER* Magazine, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

MAIL-ORDER MANIA

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For this complete bargain package send cash, check or money order in the amount of \$29.95 to: **SAEPAS ENTERPRISES, INC.**

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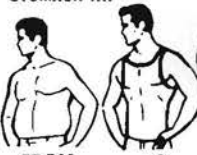
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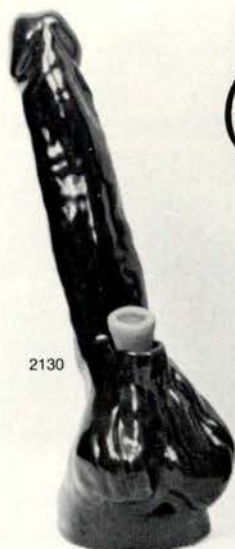
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Leasure Time Products



2130



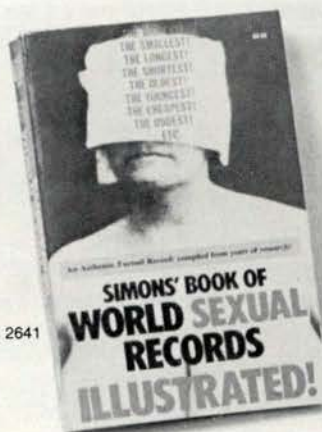
2214



2150



5023



2641



2619



2620



5911



5910

- 2130 DONG BONG (ceramic)—\$13.50
 2214 TITTY TOKER (ceramic)—\$12.50
 2150 SMOKER'S KIT (A)—Everything you need. Papers included. \$15
 5023 LOVE LITE—2-piece crystal lamp includes 25 wicks for 600 hours of romantic candlelight. \$5.95
 5911 SOAP ON A ROPE—\$6
 3336 FLOWER OF LIFE PENDANT (gold)—\$9.75 or 2 for \$18
 2070 MARIJUANA LEAF NECKLACE (silver)—\$3.75
 2641 WORLD SEXUAL RECORDS—Authentic factual record. Over 380 pages. \$5.75
 2620 SEX DEVICES—Over 100 listed, color photos, illustrated. \$5.75
 2619 PENIS ENLARGEMENT TECHNIQUES—color photos. \$5.75 also available with:
 5910 VACUUM PENIS ENLARGER—Featuring transverse pump action. Directions included. \$29.95 (Both 2619 & 5910 for \$32.)



3336

2070

EXPRESS ORDERING

24-hour toll-free service.
 Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS P. O. Box 2206 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please Print Name _____ Date _____ HU277

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC:

Interbank No. _____ Exp. Date _____ mo. year _____

Signature _____

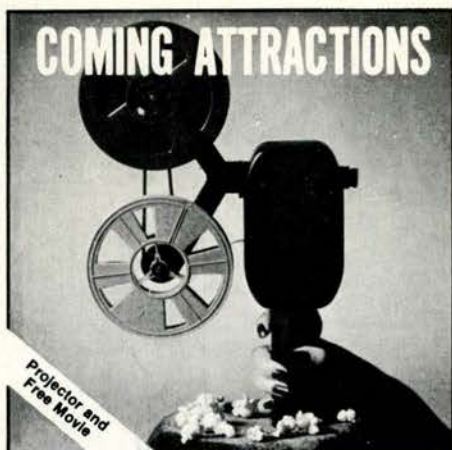
I am of legal age and understand that my product is guaranteed for 30 days and will be replaced free of charge if found defective due to craftsmanship. Otherwise all sales are final. (Dealer inquiries invited.)

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packed and promptly delivered. (Add \$2 for foreign orders.)

QUANTITY	STOCK NO	PRICE
		\$

POSTAL SCALE
 Under \$5 add 50¢
 \$5 to \$10 ... 1.00
 Over \$10 ... 1.50

Subtotal \$ _____
 Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax _____
 Postage, handling and insurance (see scale) _____
 TOTAL \$ _____



With LEASURE TIME's Private Movie Projector you'll never have to shout "down in front," again. Equipped to handle super 8mm films, the projector is easy to load and operate. It has an adjustable light and film guide, a speed control for fast and slow motion and focus adjustment for closeup action.

The portable projector can be held in one hand, leaving your other hand free to grab popcorn, licorice whips or any other treat in your lap. Plus, if you order now, LEASURE TIME will send you one free movie from the list below. Batteries and popcorn not included.

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS

HU277

P. O. Box 2206 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

		category
For projector	<input type="checkbox"/> #3850 DYKES IN HEAT	A
and movie	<input type="checkbox"/> #3851 ENEMA BANDIT	B
package @ \$19.95,	<input type="checkbox"/> #3852 LIVESTOCK LUST	C
check here:	<input type="checkbox"/> #3853 ORAL ORGY	D

CIRCLE CATEGORY LETTER FOR ADDITIONAL MOVIES @ \$9.95 each.

EXPRESS ORDERING 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling our pleasant operators at 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

Subtotal \$ _____
Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax _____
Postage, handling and insurance 1.25 _____
TOTAL \$ _____

Please Print Name _____ Date _____

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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mo. year	mo. year

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Subscription Coupon

CHIC MAGAZINE • P. O. Box 2208 • Columbus, Ohio 43216 HU277

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|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1 year at \$18 (U.S.) | <input type="checkbox"/> 1 year \$21 (FOREIGN) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 years at \$34 (U.S.) | <input type="checkbox"/> 2 years \$40 (FOREIGN) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 years at \$49 (U.S.) | <input type="checkbox"/> 3 years \$58 (FOREIGN) |

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Interbank No.	Exp. Date
mo. year	mo. year

Signature _____

PREVIEW

MARCH

HUSTLER COMES IN LIKE A LION

WHO WILL GUARD THE GUARDS?—The future of erotic entertainment in America rests in the hands of the U. S. Supreme Court. Constitutional lawyer Herald Price Fahringer analyzes how and why nine old men can dictate what you are allowed to read and see.

PIT BULL FIGHTING: THE BLOODIEST SPORT—For some people, dogs are more than man's best friend—they're the canine gladiators in an illegal, supermacho sport. HUSTLER bares its fangs in this report that takes you into the bloody arena. By David Epstein

HUSTLER PROFILE: WILLIAM LOEB—Can one newspaper publisher from New Hampshire control the views of an entire state and the outcome of presidential elections? This is one answer that is just too hot to print—except in HUSTLER. By Ben Steffens

THE BIG DOPE READING—America's free-lance madman Charles Bukowski goes from booze to shoes to grass to ass in this fictional look at a poet plying his trade.

FOOT AND SHOE FETISHISM—March's *Sex Play* on foot lust, sole kissing, high heels and pedic massage will definitely put you a step ahead in your pursuit of sexual novelty. By Michael Toohey

KINKY KORNER—A young married couple finds an open, new sex life after playing a sensuous game of strip poker. By Jean Christie

JOJO, NIKKI and JULIE, our Jewish American Princess, are the hot toddies you'll need for the tail end of winter. And our centerfold, MAGGIE: SHADOW PUPPET, is just the tonic to keep the arteries pumping.

PLUS—Insanity and insights in BITS & PIECES, MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK, HONEY HOOKER, BEAVER HUNT, ADVISE & CONSENT, HUSTLER HUMOR and X-RATED REVIEWS.

"COME, SPOT, COME."

When it comes to owning a pet, nothing beats a Pet Cock. Oh, we know you dog lovers might not agree with us, but when you put the two side by side, it's really quite obvious. For one thing, the Pet Cock doesn't have to be trained, it's already housebroken. Plus, if it's properly cared for, it will last for many years. In fact, some have been known to outlive their masters. But what's a dog good for? Maybe 20 years, if you keep it off the streets. Best of all, as you can see in the picture, you can teach the Pet Cock to come on command... So a man's best friend isn't a dog, it's really a cock. After all, would you trade what's swinging between your legs for a Mexican hairless? The Pet Cock—100% pedigree.

\$6.95

Send check or money order for \$7.70, which includes 75¢ for postage, handling and insurance to: LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS, Dept. HU277 P. O. Box 2206, Columbus, Ohio 43216. Include stock number—5912. Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax.

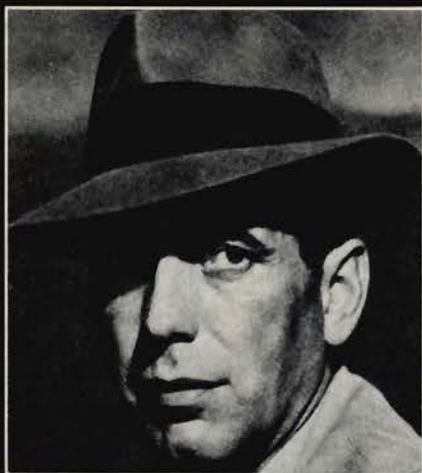
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Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packed and promptly delivered. You must be 21 or older.

WHAT DO THESE FAMOUS PEOPLE HAVE IN COMMON?



Humphrey Bogart



Nat "King" Cole



Walt Disney



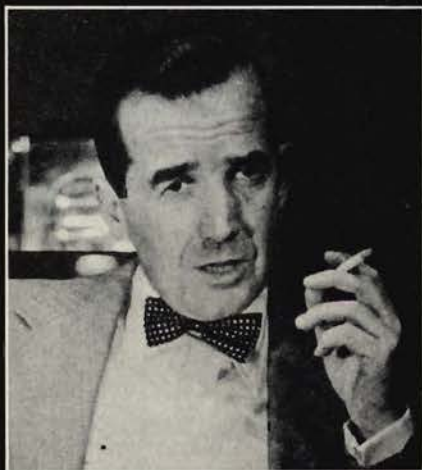
Robert Taylor



Betty Grable



Sen. Robert A. Taft



Edward R. Murrow



Buster Keaton



Robert Ryan

They all died of lung cancer.

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